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PEACE IN WAR-TIME.

I turned from the red of the tempest,
from the rage and the rapine of
strife,

And went by meek, green ways where
was neither wrath nor roar:
And the woods came close as of old
with a questioning hush, and my
life

Felt, and was shamed by the peace,
and was angry no more.

For heavy with time was my spirit,
and burthened with impotent
grief

For the sadness of men, and sub-
dued by a stern and a sterile
dismay,

For the hopes of a world were as dew
on a drifting and north-ravaged
leaf,

And its loves were as blossoms on
water that winds waft away.

Wide life in a ferment of passion
surged under a favorless sky;

And the cursing and weeping of
mortals distraught, and the
crowds of the dead

Companions my soul like a storm, and
with torture my ear and my eye
Heard and beheld. To the heart of
the woodland I fled.

There, there was nor cry nor a voice;
there the sound of my laboring
breath

Seemed loud as a bugle that rings
down the flood-tide of battle
afar;

There my being was hushed as a spirit
that wistfully wakes after death

And listens in awe through the still-
ness star calling to star,

And listens, and gathers the light, and
is no more alone or afraid.

The wood like the love of a mother
laid intimate hold on me there:
In that passionless calm had I peace;
I was folded about with that
shade

Like the heart of a saint that is
folded of God in a prayer.

Oh, Presence that breathes in the still-
ness, alive in the stock and the
stone,

Through time the august, the un-
dying, transcendent delight and
desire,—

That illumines the mind with a glory,
but that blurred by the blood
and the bone

Doth smoulder, consuming the soul,
with an anger of fire,—

Thy children are we, yea, are we that
have laughed in the light of Thy
face;

We have clutched at the gleam with
our hands, and have followed the
vision in vain,

And waste are the ways for our feet;
in a loud and a perilous place

We are whipped by the whirlwind of
lust, and are parched with our
pain.

From the hush and the heaven of Thy
green, from the patience and
power of Thy peace,

Oh, touch us with that which
abides—the eternal, serene, and
secure—

That is mute amid tempest, and pure
o'er the shocks of the passions
that cease—

That to faith and to truth evermore
is a light and a lure!

Life's purpose in patience remains, nor
through man shall it stumble or
fall.

Of mortal the sorrow is born, but
Immortal shall hearken the cry,
And merge in the might of that pur-
pose the means that are foolish
and frail,

Till sorrow be song to the uttermost
arc of His sky!

I turned from the red of the tempest,
the wrath and the rapine of
strife,

And stood in the meek green ways
where was neither rage nor roar;

And the woods came close as of old
with a questioning hush, and my
life

Felt, and was shamed by the peace,
and was fevered no more.

James A. Mackereth.

The Poetry Review.

THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY.

From the beginning of the war the sympathies of a majority of the American people have been with the Allies. The United States Government has remained neutral. With such scrupulousness has this neutrality been maintained as to cause dissatisfaction in England as well as in Germany at such times as the exercise thereof militated against the interests of one or the other of the combatants. It is the well-founded belief of many that this neutrality of America has been of greater service to the Allies than active participation in the war in their favor.

A few of the advantages which have accrued from the neutrality of the United States may be suggested. Should the United States go to war, the entire product of American factories would be needed at home, and it is more than probable that export of all war and food supplies would be prohibited. All Americans would be forced to leave Belgium and thus abandon the vast work being done for the relief of the people of that country. All Americans would be compelled to leave Germany, Austria, and Turkey, thus depriving British, French, and Russian interests in those countries of representation and protection, the most important of all these interests being a supervision over the prison camps in which are interned hundreds of thousands of British, French, and Russian citizens to say nothing of the many of other nationalities. It is because of the presence of observant American officials that ill-treatment of prisoners has been held more or less in check, and in many cases betterment has been secured through American intervention.

Should the United States join the Allies in their war against Germany,

Austria, and Turkey, it is not probable that an army of any considerable size could be spared for foreign service, certainly not for many months to come, probably not within a year. The American navy is about equal to that of Germany. The services of a large part of that navy would be available in European waters, but it is a question as to whether it is needed except for the patrol of the Atlantic sea routes.

It has been stated in the English Press that opinion is prevalent in America, notably in official Washington, that Germany is trying to force war upon the United States. It is rather difficult to follow that course of reasoning, for were this true the result could have been attained before now, and the German campaign for American support, which still continues after its own awkward fashion, would have been abandoned long ago. The only immediate advantage which might be gained by Germany through the United States entering the lists against her would be a possible cessation of export of American supplies to the Allies, inevitably partial at least. A possible future advantage which does not appear to be beyond the bounds of Teutonic dreams of conquest is that with the United States a declared enemy, no excuse would be needed to proceed against her after the rest of the world had been reduced to a state of vassalage.

There are many disadvantages, however, which may possibly be realized by even the most optimistic German at home, and which are most certainly vividly present to those Germans who are familiar with America and the American nation, especially those who represent that country officially in Washington and other American

cities. A country self-contained in every material sense, with unlimited financial resources with a *per capita* national debt negligible from a European standpoint, and, when measured by the debt-paying power of the people, an effective population of nearly one hundred million people, and so situated geographically as to defy invasion by a European Power for more than the brief time it would take to gather a force sufficient to sweep the invader into the sea.

These facts may not be realized in Germany by those who know of the world only through hearsay; but they are truisms to those Germans who have studied the question, as it has been studied, at first hand and intelligently, and they are well known in the Wilhelmstrasse. There is one great fundamental lack, however, in this amazingly thorough knowledge of America, and it is known to be amazingly thorough as far as it goes, on the part of those whose business it has been to study America and her people, and that is a hopeless misunderstanding of the temper and spirit of the American nation. The Germans are not alone in this, it may be said, for this misconception is quite general among the peoples of Europe; but at this particular time it happens to be Germany's greater misfortune to fall in this respect.

A better understanding exists to-day between Washington and Downing Street than has ever existed before, and it is due to the closer touch which has come about since the trouble in Mexico began, and has continued with the growing intimacy brought about by the Spanish War. Those responsible for the guidance of the British Empire have come to realize that British and American ideals and purpose are much the same, and that so long as each country follows a course in harmony with those ideals

there can be no question of friction or lack of sympathy should either nation find itself in trouble.

As stated, the sympathy of the American people has been with the cause of the Allies from the beginning of the war, and remains so, as is proved by the German acknowledgment of failure to convert America to her cause. From the beginning German methods have found no advocates other than among those of German blood, and even among these there have been many apologists. In fact, beginning with the rape of Belgium, the impression of horror at German methods has been cumulative, and it needed only some great tragedy largely affecting American lives and neutral rights to crystallize this sentiment into action. The tragedy has come. The sinking of the *Lusitania* furnished all the elements needed to bring matters to a crisis in the relations of the two peoples.

A President who has fought long and arduously for an honorable neutrality now finds it beyond even his power to withhold a stern challenge to the German policy of "frightfulness," for this has now been carried beyond the battlefields even into the lives of neutral and non-combatant peoples. It is probably true that neither the British nor the American people believed that Germany would carry her submarine warfare to such an extreme. The *Lusitania* was a legitimate and valuable prize of war, but she was not armed nor was she a cargo boat to any great extent. In the attempt to justify her destruction without warning, the German Government has stated the untruth that the vessel was prepared to resist attack, and what may be true that she carried a few thousand cases of ammunition.

To prevent this ammunition from reaching England, therefore, nearly

1,200 non-combatants—men, women, and children—were murdered, a great number of them neutral passengers without knowledge of what might or might not be in the vessel's holds. There could have been no possible reason for the destruction of this boat and the largely successful effort to murder nearly 2,000 people, regardless of age, sex, or nationality, except as an example of that same "frightfulness" which has spread death and desolation over Belgium and northern France. As boat and cargo were fully insured, the owners lose nothing. The net result is the violent death of non-combatants and neutrals, among the latter being about 130 American citizens, many of them distinguished for their activities or their accomplishments. That the murder was wilful is shown in the fact that there was time to have ordered the ship's company into boats before the vessel was sunk; but even this concession was denied the victims.

An attempt was made to prepare public opinion for the coming disaster by a published warning to travellers not to proceed by that boat. The warning was given direct to the American newspapers from the German Government, this in itself being such a violation of all recognized diplomatic procedure as to give even in ordinary times sufficient ground for a vigorous demand for explanation to the American Government. A full realization that the German Government had carried out its threat came quickly to the American people, and the nation voiced its protest in no uncertain terms. Party lines disappeared, newspapers which had maintained a neutral outlook towards the war dropped all pretence of neutrality, the few which have favored the German cause were silent in the face of the storm they saw about to break. The American people became re-

strained and serious, and this is an ominous sign in America, for in those rare times when the underlying restraint and seriousness of the nation come to the surface have been born all the great and fateful impulses which have marked the epochs of its history.

The President of the United States, a man of idealism and peace, retired to take counsel with himself and then called his advisers about him. As a result of this gathering word has gone forth to Germany that the United States of America, the only great nation not actually involved in the issues of this war, was ready to play her part in enforcing if possible the laws of humanity and neutrality upon those who violated them. The *Lusitania* was sunk off the Irish coast on May 7th. On May 15th the American Government delivered a Note to Berlin in which recent outrages upon the American flag and upon the lives and property of American citizens are recounted, and the agitations and distress caused in America thereby are set forth. A strong desire on the part of the United States and the American people to remain friendly with the German nation is expressed, and it is even suggested that a disavowal of responsibility on the part of the German Government for the acts of submarine commanders may go far towards relieving the situation. Certain definite principles are laid down, however, to which Germany is expected to adhere in the future if the neutrality of the United States is to be maintained. These principles have been impartially summarized as follows:

The German methods of retaliation for loss of commerce are again declared to be inadmissible as incompatible with the freedom of the seas, and the Government must be held to "strict accountability" for all infringements of American rights.

The "practical impossibility" of employing submarines to destroy commerce without an infringement of the accepted rules of justice and humanity is insisted upon.

The indisputable right of American citizens to sail in ships travelling wherever legitimate business calls them upon the high seas, and that with confidence that their lives will not be illegally endangered, is firmly maintained.

Having regard to the character of the German Government, the Government of the United States assumes that the guilty naval commanders acted under a misapprehension, that their acts will be disavowed, that reparation will be made, and that steps will be taken to prevent the recurrence of such deeds.

Expressions of regret and offers of reparation cannot excuse a practice the "natural necessary effect of which is to subject neutral nations or neutral persons to new and immeasurable risks."

The German Government must not expect the United States Government to "omit any word or act" necessary to preserve the rights of American citizens.

Still more briefly put, the American Note suggests that merchant vessels shall not be sunk without providing for the safety of crew and passengers, and that if this cannot be done in a war carried on by submarines, that these instruments shall not be employed against unarmed craft. If it is true, as Germany has already stated, that no provision can be made for the safety of crew or passengers in submarine warfare, then the American Note resolves itself into a simple demand that such warfare upon merchant vessels shall cease, or in other words, that Germany shall abandon her alleged "blockade" of the coasts of her enemies.

That this "blockade" cannot be construed by the wildest flights of the imagination to be effective is shown in the fact that in a recent week over 1,400 vessels entered or left British ports, and that during that same week a dozen boats met with disaster or even interference.

As this is written Germany has not yet made reply to the American Note. This will be forthcoming shortly, however. To speculate upon its character is unsafe, but it is reasonable to assume that it will be argumentative. Germany's side of the "case" will be set forth, and the law of "necessity" will be invoked. The tone of the comment in the German Press in advance of this reply is not favorable to a friendly settlement of the controversy between the two Governments, and it does not seem possible that the German Government will go much farther than her recent declaration to the effect that in future the rights of neutral vessels will be respected. A certain note of anxiety is audible in the German Press comment, however, for the hope is expressed that America will not take "too seriously" the sinking of the *Lusitania*. There is a quaint lack of a sense of proportion in this appeal which is pathetic. To hope that the German Admiralty will abandon its submarine warfare upon the unarmed merchantmen of the Allies, however, is to allow optimism considerable sway.

It has been repeatedly claimed by Germany that this submarine warfare was in retaliation for the blockade of Germany by the Allies. The contrast between the policy of the Allies whose sailors have risked their lives to save German seamen from drowning and to whose discredit lies not a single instance of an unarmed merchant ship sunk with loss of life, and the cold-blooded destruction by Germany of unarmed vessels carrying non-com-

batants, neutral as well as enemy, is too obvious for comment. The Allies are conducting a blockade such as has been recognized in international law as entirely legitimate, while Germany has been guilty of a piracy which, while bringing her little or no gain, has alienated the respect and sympathy and aroused the indignation and horror of every neutral as well as combatant people.

Should Germany fail to recognize her obligations to neutrals and to the laws of humanity in this matter of sea-going commerce, and refuse to accede to the suggestions made by the United States Government, but one outcome seems logically possible, and that is a severance in the near future of diplomatic relations between the two Governments. That such a move initiated by the United States would quickly be followed by even graver measures is almost inevitable, for it would mean that Germany was determined to persist in her submarine war upon merchantmen approaching the ports of her enemies. It would mean, in brief, that it would not be many days before the Government of the United States would find itself confronted with a case similar in principle to that of the *Lusitania*, and, having exhausted the resources of diplomacy, naught would remain but to join issue with the Allies in a display of force. As suggested, this might be manifested first in an armed patrol of the Atlantic trade routes.

This entire view of the controversy may appear to be pessimistic, but it is difficult to find ground for optimism in the present situation. It is well for those who would be inclined to rejoice at the active participation of America in this war to realize certain facts which bear closely upon the possible advantages to be gained by the Allies through American participation. It is the firm belief of the writer that

America as a neutral is a far stronger ally than America as a combatant by reason of the conditions which prevail in the United States. The American nation is not prepared for war either on land or sea, because of lack of reserve supplies of guns, ammunition, equipment, and trained men. It would be necessary for the Americans at once to concentrate upon the supplying of deficiencies at home in these respects, and financially as well, and the present resources of the Allies might be decreased thereby.

There are now in the United States about three million people who were born in German-speaking countries, and nearly nine million whose mother-tongue was German. As a rule, the American-born son of German parents is a good citizen, holding American interests as supreme. This is also true of many naturalized Germans, for the conditions under which they come to America and are absorbed into the life of the nation are different from those under which they go to countries in Europe nearer their birthplace. The political and social scheme of things and the physical environment are so different in America from those prevailing in Europe that the mind and body of the immigrant is rapidly and oftentimes completely alienated from his country of origin. Notwithstanding all this, the situation in the United States with that country at war with Germany would be most serious. No steps could be devised which would render German influence innocuous. Internment would, of course, be out of the question except in aggravated cases. In New York City alone there are said to be about 800,000 people of German origin, or more than in any city in Germany with the exception of Berlin. This question of alien enemies would have to be handled in some way for which there is at present no precedent. It would be one of the

great problems in a war between the United States and Germany.

There is no question but that President Wilson has hopes and possibly even plans for some settlement of the controversy other than a resort to war. Of these he naturally has said nothing as yet. His task is greater than has ever faced a President of the United States since Abraham Lincoln asked for Divine Guidance on the eve of a great civil war. President Wilson will not be rushed into war by any jingoism of Press or people, but, once having taken his position as already set forth, those same qualities of independence, determination, and inflexibility of purpose he has already shown

The Fortnightly Review.

will carry him along his chosen path without faltering, regardless of what the outcome may mean to the great nation of which he is the chosen representative.

One most important fact must be borne in mind, however, in following the course of events in America during the next few weeks, that is until Congress is called into special session. There can be no war on the part of the United States until such a call is issued, therefore it is evident the entire matter is still considered as being within the range of diplomatic procedure and possible settlement.

James Davenport Whelpley.

THE HAGUE AND OTHER WAR CONVENTIONS IN SPIRIT AND IN PRACTICE.

To understand the bearing of the Hague and other international war conventions fully the reader will have to put up with some preliminary explanations and distinctions which may appear at first sight as a digression from the title of this article. They are necessary, however, to place the conventions in question in their proper light.

War involves the different sections of the population of a country in different ways. There are, first, the statesmen and directing officials who carry out and give effect to the policy which they regard as in the national interest. Every Foreign Office, moreover, has its traditional attitudes. The *vis inertiae*, which necessarily permeates a more or less unchecked autocratic authority, often results in the continuance of an attitude after its object may have dwindled into insignificance. There is also the class tendency due to the jealousy with which

the intrusion of outside views is regarded by those already *dans la place*, and there is a certain kind of conventional or official knowledge which consists of being well-informed about the traditions and prejudices of other Foreign Offices. The sparring between Foreign Offices through their respective diplomatic agents is a frequent source of factitious international irritation which does not necessarily respond to any realities of national feeling. Thus, when the Fashoda incident brought England and France to within an inch of war, Lord Salisbury had to issue a White Book in hot haste to stir up national interest in a matter of which the British public could not see the vital importance. Thus again, Bismarck had to mutilate a telegram to excite the Germans over an incident which he had to magnify as an excuse for his warlike attitude.

Diplomatists and statesmen are just as liable to error as other average citi-

zens, and conflicts can arise just as much through their mistakes as in spite of their wisdom.

To these statesmen, diplomatists, and officials are confided the destinies of nations, but when war breaks out the whole population of the countries involved, whether they approve of it or not, are plunged into its throes and, at the present moment, millions of men are engaged in a work of gigantic carnage the objects of which are probably a mystery to the vast majority of them. Not only may they be exposed to wounds inflicted by the cruellest instruments of torture yet devised, but they may be left on the field to suffer the agony of untended injuries or be carried off into bondage in a country where their wounds may be neglected while those of native troops are being nursed. And they are not the only sufferers. There are also the civilians whose lands are invaded, men too infirm or too old to fight, women and children among whom invading troops, subject to panic like the rest of mankind, apprehend danger at every step, and against whom on the slightest of symptoms they rush to take inhuman reprisals.

There are, it is seen, two distinct currents of action in relation to war: the motives and determination of the governing bodies and classes who decide whether there shall be war or not, and the more or less willing or unwilling obedience of the nation who do the actual fighting. The antagonism between the two currents is submerged in the initial excitement, but the sufferings of the soldier and other victims of war and the mercy the soldier fighting for his life shows to his opponent when overcome survive the war, and former belligerents and neutrals alike then think of endeavoring to attenuate its horrors. To these feelings of pity and mercy, barely conscious to the public mind while the

combative emotions absorb all its energies, we owe the different international conventions entered into for the purpose of attenuating the cruelty of war to the soldier and its hardships for civilians brought into immediate contact with invading forces.

This humanitarian object underlies not only the conventions signed at Geneva and St. Petersburg, but mainly also those signed at the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907. When, therefore, non-combatants and civilians talk lightly of retaliation by non-observance of these conventions they overlook their true character, which is that of a pronouncement by civilized mankind in favor of the individual soldier, whose life and limbs through no fault of his own are at stake.¹

I.

The alleviation of the cruelties of war only began to attract effective public attention in Europe after Henri Dunant published in 1862 his famous pamphlet *Un Souvenir de Solferino* regarding what was witnessed at the battle bearing that name. Owing to Henri Dunant's efforts an unofficial international Conference, held at Geneva in 1863, was followed by an official one called by the Swiss Government the following year, and the Red Cross Convention known as the "Geneva Convention" for the amelioration of the condition of wounded and sick soldiers of armies in the field, which was overhauled in 1906, was adopted. To maritime warfare it was adapted by one of the Hague Conventions of 1899, which in turn was overhauled in 1907.

About the same time a demand for

¹ The proviso inserted in the Hague Conventions that the articles thereof are only applicable as between contracting Powers and only if the belligerents are all parties to any Convention does not apply to the principles set out in the preambles. As regards the articles all the belligerents but Serbia have ratified the Conventions, and not one as yet has even suggested that Serbia's non-ratification releases the others.

law and order as well as mercy in the prosecution of war manifested itself in the United States. There civil war was raging, and the officers had nothing to guide them but their varying common sense. Dr. Lieber, a distinguished American writer on public law, was requested to draw up a code of "instructions for the government of the armies of the United States in the field." His draft was submitted for revision by a committee of officers, and, on being ratified by President Lincoln, it became a "manual of war," which served afterwards as a basis for subsequent international effort in the same direction.

In 1868 came the St. Petersburg Convention.

In the Franco-Austrian War accusations of the use of needlessly cruel bullets were brought by the one side against the other. The French were accused of using the bullet now known as "dum-dum" and the Austrians of explosive bullets, the sufferings from which were the subject of indignant comment at the time. The strong public feeling caused by the needless cruelty of this latter projectile led Governments to consider the question, and the Czar, in response to it, called an International Conference at St. Petersburg to consider the subject. The deliberations of the Conference resulted in the Declaration of St. Petersburg forbidding the use of the bullets in question.

The war of 1870 brought private initiative again into activity, this time on a larger scale than before.

Both the Institute of International Law and the International Law Association owed their origin to a movement of revolt against the series of wars which culminated in the worst of them. M. Gustave Moynier, a distinguished Genevese closely connected with the Red Cross movement with which his native city became identi-

fied; Dr. Lieber, the American publicist above referred to; and M. Rolin-Jacquemyns, an eloquent Belgian statesman, simultaneously conceived the idea of reducing not only the rules of war but international usage generally to a precise and agreed uniformity. M. Rolin-Jacquemyns, who had just founded the *Revue de Droit International*, took the lead; and the *Institut*, a body composed of sixty members and sixty associates, all specialists in the subject, has ever since steadily grown in influence, its rulings having the prestige due to the exclusive and expert character of its membership. About the same time (1873) was founded the more popular and philanthropic Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations for the displacement of war by pacific methods of settling international disputes. It, too, under its more recent title of International Law Association has grown in prestige, and its more popular methods have undoubtedly spread a greater interest in and respect for law and order in international relations among the professional classes of Europe and America generally. It has had no small influence, moreover, in popularizing the ideas which matured in the Hague Conferences.

While private initiative was championing the right of citizens of different lands to the protection of law and order not only in war but in their intercourse in time of peace with one another, another society, founded in France in 1872, was dealing specifically with the question of the treatment of prisoners of war. It was owing more to the energy of this society than to any other cause that the Czar Alexander the Second again called a Conference, this time to examine the subject of the conduct of war generally. This Conference, which was held in 1874 at Brussels,

resulted in the drafting of a Code of Rules based largely on Dr. Lieber's *Instructions*. It was not, however, ratified. The Institute of International Law, after an exhaustive examination of the Brussels *projet*, drew up the well-known *Manual of the Laws of War on Land*, adopted at their Oxford meeting in 1880, and known ever since as the *Oxford Manual*. These different codes and drafts formed the raw material of the *Regulations* for the conduct of war on land adopted at the Hague Conference of 1899, and readopted with only a few alterations at the Conference of 1907.

At both Hague Conferences other conventions and declarations dealing with cognate matters for the alleviation of the sufferings due to war were adopted. At that of 1899, besides the convention relating to the laws and customs of land warfare, there were adopted a convention for the adaptation to maritime warfare of the principles of the Geneva Convention and three declarations relating to methods of slaughter—viz. for the prohibition "of the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other similar new methods"; "of the use of projectiles the only object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases"; and "of the use of bullets which expand or flatten easily in the human body, such as bullets with a hard envelope, of which the envelope does not entirely cover the core, or is pierced with incisions."

All these agreements were submitted for revision at the Conference of 1907, which added, among others, which do not here concern us, the following to the list of conventions relating to the conduct of war after it has been de-

² This was adopted for a period of five years and was re-adopted at the Conference of 1907, but has not been ratified by any of the Great Powers except Great Britain and the United States.

³ Ratified without duration.

⁴ *Ibid.*

clared: As regards land warfare, a convention concerning the rights and duties of neutral Powers and persons in case of war on land; and as regards naval war, conventions relating to (a) the régime of commercial vessels at the opening of hostilities; (b) the conversion of commercial vessels into men-of-war; (c) the placing of automatic submarine mines of contact; (d) bombardment by naval forces in time of war; (e) restrictions on the exercise of the right of capture in maritime warfare; and (f) the rights and duties of neutral Powers as regards maritime warfare generally.

The object of all these efforts, official as well as unofficial, and of all these international conventions has been essentially philanthropic. To forbid useless injury to the combatant, insist on respect for order and law even amid the violence and carnage of battle, to lessen the rigors of war for its civilian victims was the deliberate purpose of the Governments which signed and have ratified the different conventions in question, as they testified in the preambles to these conventions.

II.

All the conventions referred to above contain preambles stating their intent and object. In international agreements, as in ordinary contracts, a preamble not only affects the scope of the agreement as a whole but it binds the parties to a corresponding construction of each provision individually. It would not be there at all if it did not express the object of the signatories and were not intended to be read in conjunction with every one of the provisions. I am not stating this as a legal maxim, but merely as something inseparable from the nature of human reasoning itself.

To obtain a clear impression of the official view of the objects of the con-

ventions in question we cannot do better than follow their preambles in their chronological sequence.

The first of them in order of date, the Geneva Convention of 1864, states that the Powers signing it were animated by "the desire within the measure of their ability of mitigating the evils inseparable from war, of suppressing its useless hardships, and of ameliorating the condition of wounded soldiers on the field of battle."

It was overhauled in 1906, when a new preamble added that the revised convention was intended to "improve and complete" that of 1864. Carrying out the object of the preamble, it prescribes that "officers and soldiers and other persons officially attached to armies" shall be taken care of as prisoners of war "without distinction of nationality," and that after each engagement the commander in possession of the field shall take measures to search for the wounded and prevent any maltreatment or pillage. Every provision of the convention, in fact, is concerned with the interest of the individual soldier. The Convention of 1899-1907 for the adaptation to maritime warfare of the principles of the Geneva Convention reaffirms that the Powers are "alike animated by the desire to diminish, as far as depends on them, the evils inseparable from warfare."

The next Convention in order of date is the Declaration of St. Petersburg (1868), which sets out that an International Military Commission had assembled at St. Petersburg "in order to examine into the expediency of forbidding the use of certain projectiles in time of war between civilized nations," and that it had "by common agreement fixed the technical limits at which the necessities of war ought to yield to the requirements of humanity"; that the Governments represented considered "that the progress

of civilization should have the effect of alleviating as much as possible the calamities of war; that the only legitimate object which States should endeavor to accomplish during war is to weaken the military forces of the enemy; that for this purpose it is sufficient to disable the greatest possible number of men; that this object would be exceeded by the employment of arms which uselessly aggravate the sufferings of disabled men or render their death inevitable, and that the employment of such arms would, therefore, be contrary to the laws of humanity." The Declaration therefore forbade the employment of explosive projectiles of a weight inferior to 400 grammes.

The preambles to the three above-cited Hague Declarations of 1899 set out that they were inspired by the principles laid down in that of St. Petersburg. The Powers represented at the two Hague Conferences therefore declared to be on a level with the use of explosive bullets not only the use of dum-dum bullets and of "projectiles which diffuse asphyxiating gases," but "the discharging of projectiles and explosives from aircraft."

To 1899 and 1907 belong also the Convention and Regulations relating to war on land. The Powers, says the Convention, in drawing up the Regulations, were "animated by the desire to serve the interests of humanity and the ever-increasing requirements of civilization"; they thought it "important with this object to revise the laws and general customs of war, either with the view of defining them more precisely or of laying down certain limits for the purpose of modifying their severity as far as possible." Their provisions, it says, "have been inspired by the desire to diminish the evils of war, so far as military necessities permit, and are destined to serve as general rules

of conduct for belligerents in their relations with each other and with populations." Though it had not been possible to agree forthwith on provisions embracing all the circumstances which occur in practice, it was "not intended by the High Contracting Parties that the cases not provided for should, for want of a written provision, be left to the arbitrary judgment of the military commanders," and until a more complete code of the laws of war was issued the High Contracting Parties thought it right "to declare that in cases not included in the Regulations adopted by them populations and belligerents remain under the protection and empire of the principles of international law, as they result from the usages established between civilized nations, from the laws of humanity, and the requirements of the public conscience." Article 3 of the Convention adds by way of further emphasis to the preamble that "the belligerent party who violates the provisions of the said Regulations shall be bound, if the case arises, to pay an indemnity, and that it is responsible for all acts done by persons forming part of its armed forces."

Of the fifty-six articles composing these Regulations barely a dozen do not relate to the protection of the individual soldier or civilian. They are based, as the preamble says, on the "interests of humanity and the ever-increasing requirements of civilization."

In the same way the Convention of 1907, relating to bombardment by naval forces in time of war, states that the Powers considered it was of "importance to subject bombardment by naval forces to general provisions guaranteeing the rights of the inhabitants and ensuring the preservation of the principal buildings by extending to this operation of war, as far as possible, the principle of the Regula-

tions of 1899 with respect to the laws and customs of war on land"; and that they were "inspired by the desire to serve the interests of humanity and to lessen the rigors and disasters of war."

Lastly, as regards the "employment of submarine mines acting automatically by contact," the Convention of 1907 on the subject upholds "the principle of the freedom of sea routes open to all nations," and declares that "if in the present state of things the use of submarine mines with automatic contact cannot be forbidden, it is important to limit and regulate their use in order to restrict the rigors of war and to give, as far as possible, to peaceful navigation the security it has the right to claim in spite of the existence of a war."

It is abundantly seen from these preambles that the motives of the Conventions I have cited are humanitarian, and that the general outcome of them is to render as humane as possible the anomalous barbarism of war.

There are two kinds of cruelties involved in war: the one is the collective cruelty necessary to effect its purpose—viz. the defeating and capture of the enemy's armed forces, the isolation and starvation of the enemy's population to prevent it from obtaining means to continue the struggle, and in general the doing of such things as are calculated to break down the resistance of the enemy and force him to accept or sue for peace. In a previous article³ I have shown how the German General Staff regarded the conduct of war, how it inculcated that humane considerations—"that is, the sparing of human life and property—can only come into play in so far as the nature and object of war permits," and that "a warring State may em-

³ "Ruthless War and Forbidden Methods," "Nineteenth Century and After," December 1914.

ploy all methods which promote the attainment of its object, subject only to such restraints as it imposes on itself in its own interest." In the present War we have seen this view of warfare amply realized. We have seen floating mines strewed over "sea routes open to all nations" without any attempt "to limit or regulate their use or restrict the rigors of war or give peaceful navigation any security"—far from it. We have seen naval forces bombarding sea-coast towns without any attempt "to guarantee the rights of the inhabitants or to ensure the preservation of the principal buildings," or any trace of a desire "to serve the interests of humanity or lessen the disasters of war." We have seen bombs dropped from aeroplanes over harmless villages and peaceful civilian populations, which, instead of "alleviating as much as possible the calamities of war," have vastly increased them. And, in general, we have seen no vestige of the dominating idea expressed in all these Conventions of "serving the interests of humanity and the ever-increasing requirements of civilization," or of modifying in any sense whatsoever the "severity of war," in response to "the requirements of the public conscience."

III.

No one who has seen the hospitals of France, seen the ghastly shrapnel wounds, seen jaws wrenched off by the mere splinter of a shell not larger than a little-finger nail, seen gangrene and tetanus, seen deaf wards and blind wards, can have the hard civilian heart which in its ignorance regards the soldier as a mere automaton and the treatment he receives as a mere matter of business bargaining. The

⁶ The traditional spirit of the British soldier has long been one of proud disdain for vindictive methods. In this connection it is a pleasure to read Col. F. N. Maude's articles on the present war.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

soldier's wounds and fate are a matter for the solicitude of mankind. The soldier merely fights as a matter of duty or discipline or in his own defence. Political hatred, if he ever has any, soon vanishes after he reaches the fighting line, and thenceforward he only feels for the wounded man and the prisoner a comrade's pity. If his imagination is capable of roaming, his pity includes the mourners at home for sons and brothers and parents, for the boys themselves dragged from their homes, their workshops, their fields, their studies, their careers, full of hope and health and energy, to be artificially destroyed, artificially maimed for life, artificially made blind, deaf and dumb. Surely pity for the soldier who is sent to fight for the ambition of those who sit at home should rouse the world against the gratuitous horror of the present War. The work of the Conferences at which the different Conventions, dealt with in this article, were signed was prompted by this deep sense of pity for the victims of war.

The upholding of the Hague and other Conventions of which I have spoken in this article is not only a belligerent interest but an interest of mankind in general. They were drawn up in times of peace on behalf of all the nations of the earth; they are under the protection of these nations, and Neutral Powers have as much a right to their observance as the Powers in conflict. Have any Neutral Powers protested against their violation? . . . Yet not to take steps to place on record infringements of them, not emphatically to condemn every evasion of their obligations, is to condone practices they have deliberately declared to be banned from civilization, and avow the despicable hypocrisy of their lofty appeals to humanitarian principles.

Thomas Barclay.

POMM'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the following Sunday Maryvonne and old Pomm found themselves on the doorstep of Number 21 Merton Road, which was the address that Pierre Gérard had given them as his own. There were two bells at the door. The top bell was surmounted by a small brass plate upon which was engraven the name of *Monsieur Pierre Gérard*, but the lower bell bore no inscription. Pomm pressed the button of the top bell and a few moments later Pierre himself came down to open the door.

He received them with a bright smile and ushered them into a narrow tessellated hall. There were two rooms that had access to the small ante-room, but the doors of both were closed, and Pierre immediately led his two visitors up two flights of stairs covered with thick green felt to a large studio that apparently occupied the entire space at the top of the house, for it was of comparatively vast size for so small a building.

There was a grand piano of dark polished wood that stood in one corner of the room. Around two sides of the wall at right angles with the wide window ran two small narrow divans covered with tapestry and generously provided with silken cushions. There was little else in the studio save several stands upon which rested various finished and half-finished modelled figures, several of which were covered with damp cloths. One of these, set on a column of sculptured ebony, was placed in the centre of a wall alone and was entirely concealed from view by a drapery of multicolored Tunisian silk. Before this column a small Turkish stand, such as are used in the East for coffee tables, was placed. It

held a high crystal vase containing some beautiful lilies.

Pierre in his studio jacket of black velvet, from which he had just removed his linen working overall, looked very handsome. His smiling eyes held those of Maryvonne, and notwithstanding his ordinary lack of observation old Pomm could see that the two young people were well pleased to meet again.

Somewhat out of breath from their rapid upward flight, Pomm and Maryvonne gladly sank on to one of the welcoming divans to which Pierre pointed. Maryvonne was slightly flushed, but with emotion, and not only because of the strenuous rush upstairs. Pierre, standing before her, divested her of wraps and furs. It was a chilly day, and December was setting in.

"What a charming studio!" she exclaimed as she looked around. Old Pomm—needless to say—had already whipped out his friendly binoculars and was inspecting the few pictures that hung on the walls with special intent. He did not comment on Maryvonne's interjectionary admiration.

The cool gray walls of the studio were almost bare save for three or four pictures and one or two vivid splashes of color made by the Eastern embroideries which Pierre had carelessly pinned up here and there upon the wide expanses. The curtains slid on to a narrow rod so that they could easily be drawn over the wide window were of very soft, creamy gray velvet. The piano top was negligently covered with an old faded embroidery from some fifteenth-century church altar. There were a few comfortable arm-chairs strewn about and two small Turkish tables holding smoking ap-

paratus and a brass set of coffee-drinking implements.

In a distant corner stood a large table covered with a drawn-thread cloth and artistically strewn with white lilies and branches of roses, upon which a complete tea-service was installed at one end. The rest of its surface was spread with an evening meal of cold meat, salad, fresh fruit and a large dish of French pastry. There was a tall decanter filled with golden-colored wine and a bottle of champagne by the side of which was placed a patent corkscrew. Evidently preparations that had been superintended by the host himself had been made for Pierre's visitors.

"How charming this is!" said Maryvonne again. Her eyes had taken in all the details of decoration and preparation. She had immediately noticed the prepared table in the corner. She rose and inhaled the perfume of the large vase of lilies before the draped figure.

Then she began her inventory of the busts and statuettes around the studio, from which Pierre removed the enfolding wet cloths in succession. She was eager to appraise and admire and Pierre was pleasantly astonished to note the proofs she gave of artistic taste and feeling. Meanwhile Pomm had risen also from the comfortable divan and was meandering around inspecting the various pieces of Pierre's work almost in silence.

When Maryvonne stood before the carved column that held the figure concealed by the Eastern embroidery she stopped still and looked, but said nothing. Pomm had joined her tour now and stood by her side. It was he who made the indiscreet question which Maryvonne was dying to make, but dared not.

"And what have you got under that beautiful cloth?" he asked pointing to it with his opera-glasses.

Maryvonne remained quite still and silent.

Pierre threw her a glance that with much admiration held fear and some humiliation, as if imploring pardon. Then slowly he drew away the enveloping covering and the replica of the *Mignon* in marble stood revealed before them as they had seen it at the *Salon*.

Up went Pomm's binoculars. Then the old man and Maryvonne gave an almost simultaneous cry—repressed immediately. Breathless they awaited what Pierre would say and he as breathlessly awaited their verdict.

"Stupendous! . . . marvellous!" . . . exclaimed Pomm at last, turning to Pierre who was still mute. But the young artist could not have said whether the exclamation was intended to express admiration of the sculpture or stupefaction at the young man's audacity.

"We noticed this at the *Salon* three years ago," pursued Pomm speaking to Pierre.

There were a few more moments of complete silence, no one vouchsafing any corollary to Pomm's remark. The old man looked up at the two young people in surprise at their stillness. Then he pursued further:

"It is very curious. When we saw this work exhibited in Paris my daughter seemed to find some resemblance to herself in it. I confess that I did not see it at the time, but I do now! The likeness is indeed remarkable! Where can you have found a model that so resembles Maryvonne?"

Pierre did not answer at once. He looked at Maryvonne and meeting a smile where he had half feared to meet a reproach, turned already half-consolated to Pomm.

"Commandant Pommeret," he said, rather tremblingly, "I must ask you to forgive me. I have been guilty of an unpardonable impertinence, but my

artistic love of beauty must be my excuse. . . . I had no model for that figure. I saw your daughter at Mille's restaurant and could not resist the delight of reproducing her beauty in marble. I made a few rapid sketches of my unconscious model," and he turned apologetically towards Maryvonne who remained silent with downcast eyes, "and I worked the rest from memory. I have to thank Mademoiselle for allowing me to reincarnate her in marble." . . .

"I did not allow you!" cried Maryvonne impulsively. But meeting the young man's ardent gaze she quickly lowered her eyes once more.

"What have you to say to me, Monsieur?" asked Pierre humbly of Pomm. "I refused to sell the figure because it was a portrait—although an uncommissioned one," he added quickly, looking at the young girl whose eyes remained downcast still.

"You refused to sell?" asked Pomm astonished. "Why, you must have had dozens of offers!"

"I had several offers, sir. But, as I tell you, I refused to sell!"

"Well . . . well!" said Pomm, wondering whether he ought to be angry or flattered, and smiling interrogatively towards Maryvonne, as if to ask of her what attitude he should take. But there was no encouragement of any kind from her, so he pursued rather hesitatingly:

"Well. . . . One can't deny that you have made a masterpiece of her." And he raised his glasses again and contemplated the marble figure in silence.

A few moments later Maryvonne, having roused herself from her perplexing silence and recovered her usual alert frankness, turned to Pierre.

"You are a very bad and impertinent person!" she declared solemnly; "is he not, *père* Pomm?"

"Yes," assented Pomm laconically. He still held his glasses up before his nose and it was difficult to see the expression of his face as he moved forward to look at the statue from another standpoint, leaving the two young people side by side before the carved column.

Pierre looked at the young girl in contemplating and silent adoration for a few moments:

"Am I forgiven?" he whispered very low—so low that surely old Pomm had not heard him. It would appear that Maryvonne had not heard him either, for she made no answer, but kept her gaze levelled at the marble presentment of her own lovely self.

"It would have been impossible for me to resist such an inspiration," murmured Pierre still lower, in extenuation of his fault.

Still Maryvonne did not answer.

"Please forgive me," urged Pierre again. "I shall never forgive myself if I do not hold my pardon from you and shall destroy the *Mignon* and all its plaster replicas to-night when you are gone, if you won't!"

Maryvonne could not resist this threat.

"Oh! Please don't!" she cried out in appeal.

And Pierre, meeting her gaze at last, knew that he was forgiven.

Old Pomm at Maryvonne's exclamation slowly put down his glasses and turned towards the young people.

"What is it that this bold young man must not do, my dear?" he asked.

"He threatens to break up the *Mignon* with a big hammer!" cried Maryvonne.

"Tell him that if he does, you will use the same hammer on his own head," was Pomm's astounding retort.

"You hear that!" cried Maryvonne, turning again to Pierre.

But Pierre was in no laughing humor. He was profoundly touched by

the attitude of Pomm and his daughter.

"You will allow me to offer you a replica of this, *mon Commandant!*" he asked, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the bust.

"You make me feel like the King of England," was Pomm's unexpected reply.

"Why, *mon Commandant!*"

"Because it is only to him that one begs for the honor of making a present." . . .

Which remark made Maryvonne burst into laughter. And so the redoubtable question of the *Mignon's* inspiration that had caused poor Pierre to quake with fear was now settled. The now dear *vieux bourgeois* had taken his indiscretion in a generous spirit. The young man was beside himself with joy.

After having shown all his works to his two guests and explained his new inspiration to them, Pierre suggested that they should sit down and have their cold supper.

"I must beg you to excuse so impromptu a meal," he said. "But this is Sunday evening—evidently so dear to the heart and privacy of the English servant. . . . Mine declared that it was her bounden duty to go and look after her drunken husband. So I gave her her liberty and arranged the table myself to the best of my ability, though I feel its indignity and offer my small repast with the greatest diffidence." He set three chairs around the daintily laden table as he spoke.

"This is delightful," exclaimed Maryvonne as they sat down, and Pierre set to uncorking the champagne with all the dexterity of a practised hand.

They enjoyed a very merry meal and drank to one another's health with gusto. It was Pierre who proposed Maryvonne's health because she had

sat to him so nicely, and it was Pomm who proposed Pierre's health for having executed so clever a portrait of his daughter and offered it to him so royally; and lastly it was Maryvonne who proposed Père Pomm's health for having been so magnanimous about the young artist's impertinence and for having refrained from boxing his ears—as he deserved! . . . By the end of the merry meal the three were the best friends in the world.

To any ordinarily expert eye, Pierre's infatuation for Maryvonne was a blatantly apparent fact. But no one could say whether Pomm had noticed this or not.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Pomm was truly a disconcerting personality. One could never be quite sure that he did not see and understand more than he appeared to do. His queer manner betrayed in truth little of what was going on in his still queerer mind. Maryvonne could have staked almost anything upon his obtuseness and want of observation, though there were times when she thought that it was she who lacked discrimination and not her old housemate. That he should have any idea of her nascent feeling for Pierre appeared to her most improbable, and yet to her astonishment he occasionally let fall a word, a suggestion, a hint, that he understood what was taking place in the heart of the child he loved so well. He made no direct remark, however, which might have offered her the chance of some explanation, though several times during their rambles through London side by side she felt impelled to tell him all that was in her heart and brain concerning the young man.

One morning they went for a walk through Kensington Gardens and arrived at a flower-edged pathway that

runs parallel to the Kensington High Road. Pomm, noticing Maryvonne's unusual silence, gathered up sufficient courage to draw her into conversation upon a subject that he had in mind. His instinct, in default of deliberate scrutiny, gave him a subtle insight into her mind and he realized that his darling was in some turmoil or danger. Even though he did not know the life of the emotions from personal experience, he had read of such in books and he thought himself not wrong in supposing that the present inexplicable attitude of Maryvonne signified that some new feeling held her which could be but one of love. It was not difficult, even for Pomm, whose human insight was usually so insufficient, to realize that the young man who interested Maryvonne was Pierre Gérard. He looked at her now sideways as she walked close to him, indifferent to outward things yet intent upon her own inward vision. She seemed not even to notice that he was by her side.

"My dear," suddenly blurted out the good man, "it has come into my mind lately that you are now a woman—a full-grown woman. Are you not?"

Maryvonne looked up at Pomm smiling. His abrupt remark had put all her dreams to flight and she felt amused at this unexpected turn in his conversation.

"Well, yes. I suppose I am" . . . was her rather lame reply.

"Then," pursued Pomm, "it is my duty to tell you that as you are now a woman you will certainly at some time or other fall in love. It appears that most young women of your age do. So I am told."

He smiled down on her, and she answered his smile, but made no answer enjoining him to proceed.

"Now," continued Pomm, "I wonder, if you were to fall in love—as so many

young women do—I wonder how you would act?"

"How I should act!" repeated Maryvonne.

Pomm was wary enough to try to hide from her that he had guessed her secret. He even told himself that it might be more his secret than hers, since so inexperienced a girl might not have realized what was happening in her own heart!

"If ever you feel inclined to fall in love, Maryvonne," he pursued, while Maryvonne was strangely silent, "be very careful how you choose the object of your devotion. Unfortunately, the perplexing thing about love—which, after all, is often but mere human desire—is that it generally selects the very person whom it shouldn't!"

"What on earth do you mean by that, dear *petit père*?" asked Maryvonne. She kept her eyes averted so that he could guess nothing from her expression.

"I mean," said Pomm, "that one never really *chooses* the creature one loves—or rather I might say one never chooses *deliberately*, although one may think that one does; the result is that one falls into an unreasoning, unreasonable state that blinds one to the real nature of the object of one's love."

Still Maryvonne was silent.

Pomm waited a moment to see if she would speak, and then proceeded.

"Now you, my dear, ought to be especially careful, because you are a very special kind of woman. The man you ought to love and marry ought to be a very intellectual man, with a strong character—like yourself. I do not think that you could be happy with a weak-minded individual—a silly, feckless thing of my kind, for instance." . . . Maryvonne smiled, but made no remark. "Such is the perverse nature of the thing called love, however, that it might well happen

that you fell in love merely with the charm of some utterly unsuitable young man. He might be entirely devoid of mind and character . . . for instance." . . .

"But surely I should see that beforehand, and should not fall in love with him," objected Maryvonne gently—far more gently than was her wont with old Pomm.

"No, you might not, my dear. And that's precisely the point that I am trying to make clear to you. Your judgment might be at fault in that particular case, because of the glamour which such emotions always carry in their train. You would quite sincerely endow him with qualities—not those he possessed really, but which you might think and honestly believe—owing to your glamour—that he possessed. That is the particular state of mind I want to warn you against."

"Dear *père* Pomm, I am afraid that you must take me to be a fool!" retorted Maryvonne, with some heat.

"Not in the least, my dear, not in the least! I take you for a very bright-witted girl. But when you fall in love you will be no wiser than the most foolish of women!"

"You see, my dear, when one falls in love," pursued the innocent old philosopher, "at first one is swayed by passion. But in the second stage one ought to allow reflection to dictate to one, and lastly, in the third stage, one may allow emotion to come in again. But never ought one to let it run away with one's reason."

"Dear *père* Pomm," asked Maryvonne, "have you ever been in love, since you speak so wisely of passion?"

"No, my dear! But if I had I should have followed the lines which I have just indicated to you."

Maryvonne suddenly burst out into irrepressible laughter, much to Pomm's dismay.

"Dear *père* Pomm, it is indeed quite

evident that you can never have been in love! . . . Even I can tell you that!"

Pomm looked at her aghast.

"What can you know about it?—you—a mere chit of a girl!"

Maryvonne made no answer, though she laughed the triumphant laugh of those who know what they know.

"I did not know you thought you were so wise upon this subject!" she said mockingly.

"I have read many books upon the subject, my dear, even if I have not lived life."

Maryvonne reflected a few moments, and then said more sweetly:

"I'll take care, dear *père* Pomm, if ever I do fall in love, to be very careful."

"Then you won't be really in love!" . . . said Pomm unguardedly.

Maryvonne turned to him aghast.

"Then what on earth do you want me to do?" she exclaimed. "Dear *petit père*, you've been talking the most arrant nonsense!"

"I do not want you to do anything, my dear. I only want to save you . . . to cry out *danger* . . . in time." . . .

Maryvonne hesitated before she spoke: then she said gravely:

"I fear, dear *père* Pomm, that you are already too late!" . . .

At her half-admitted declaration Pomm was staggered. Then he gathered up his courage to speak a last word—afraid that he had hurt his dear child, yet realizing that no warning could help her now.

"I'm a fool for my pains, dear child. I've bungled horribly and perhaps pained you uselessly. Please consider all that I have said as pure nonsense. . . . I should be grieved beyond words if I had hurt you." . . .

Maryvonne slipped her hand into the open hand of the old man, and pressed her warm young palm to his.

"There is nothing to take back. How could your loving anxiety on my behalf ever hurt me? You are the dearest *père* Pomm in the world, and I love you beyond words."

He returned the pressure of her hand, but did not speak. And they resumed their walk.

A few yards further on they passed a large holly bush, covered with red berries.

"What a beautiful tree!" exclaimed Pomm. And they expatiated upon the beauty of the bush, avoiding further reference to what was so near to both their hearts.

CHAPTER XXX.

The small Sunday *fête* at Pierre's studio was the first of many of the kind.

Pomm and his adopted daughter had decided to stay till over Christmas in London, in spite of the failure of the original object of their visit. They both declared themselves entirely delighted with their London stay, and now that they had found a kindred French spirit in Pierre they amalgamated to form a sympathetic trio for visiting the London museums and historical monuments. They had told Pierre all that they knew of Maryvonne's origin, and he had joined them in the search they were making. They had scoured Kensington from East to West and from North to South, in their eager quest, but no trace of Oxford Road could they find. Even the employees of the Post Office were of no help, for they were all comparatively new to the neighborhood, and knew little about it. They had almost now resigned themselves to the inevitable. The mystery concerning Oxford Road and its whereabouts seemed to them impenetrable, and they decided to leave it alone for the present.

Pierre had now finished the three

busts he had been commissioned to execute, and was about to begin on his fourth and last commission. If no other orders for busts were forthcoming he would soon have to decide to return to Paris and begin his new *Salon* exhibit at once. When Pomm made suggestions as to the expediency of their own return—the *Cours de Droit* which Maryvonne attended had already begun at the end of November—the old man was not surprised to note the girl's unwillingness to fall in with his suggestions. Old Mélanie, too—quite as keen-witted as her master—made no remark when Maryvonne set aside all old Pomm's suggestions for their departure from London. But she, too, had her own special opinion upon the subject, and nothing would alter her conviction that "Mam'zelle" Maryvonne was particularly interested in the young sculptor. That he was her absolute slave Pierre did not attempt to conceal. He was so much in love that even his adored art now came but second, and he resented even the few hours every day that he was obliged to give to the sittings that kept him away from his beloved one. He had so far, however, not dared to breathe a word to her of his sentiments, and for some whimsical reason Maryvonne was so difficult to decipher that he could form no idea of her true feelings for him. She was passing through the "ferocious period of maidenhood," and for the first time she felt that she did not belong to herself. She understood that her heart and brain were no longer under her own control, and while yet happy in the possession of her love she resented its interference with her possession of herself. At times she was sweetness itself with Pierre, and gave him all her heart and soul in her eyes. At other times she was wayward and fractious, even cruel and unjust, seeming to take a perverse de-

light in thwarting his intentions and attentions.

But Pomm was determined not to allow Pierre to surpass him in hospitality. Already they had been several times to the young sculptor's studio, and had partaken of his impromptu Sunday meals, without inviting him in return, so that one day Pomm announced that he would not accept another meal at Pierre's studio until Pierre himself had been to dine with them at Upper Baker Street.

By this time Pomm and Maryvonne had grown very tired of English cooking, and since they had decided to stay for some weeks longer in London, a new arrangement had been made by means of which henceforth it was Mélanie who was to do the cooking for her employers. The day that this was decided upon, Pierre happened to call about tea-time, and hearing the news asked if he might be invited to Mélanie's first dinner.

"Oh! yes. What fun!" exclaimed Maryvonne. "I am sure you are dying for a real French, home-made *pot-au-feu*; now confess—are you not?"

"Literally and truly dying," maintained Pierre. "I did not dare mention it, but I truly ache for a French meal!"

"Well! you shall have it," declared Pomm. "Come to-morrow at seven-thirty and the *pot-au-feu* shall be ready on the table."

The following evening at twenty-five minutes past seven Pierre gave a rattat-tat knock, as he had been told was the right thing to do in London, at the door of his compatriots' lodgings, and a few moments later they all sat down to the said *pot-au-feu* with Mélanie attending upon them. The dish was declared to be a concoction of genius, and Pierre, producing a bottle of champagne he had brought in his great-coat pocket, proposed Mélanie's health. Now Mélanie shrewdly

eyeing him, as he uncorked the bottle, murmured to herself:

"You are no fool, *Monsieur Pierre*! You realize that it is good policy to be friends with old Mélanie, whose help with regard to a certain charming lady is not to be despised!"

And while they clashed glasses and drank each other's healths Mélanie looked at the young man with such acute and intentional meaning that he perceived she realized his feelings and was not inimical to his hopes.

Often Pomm and Maryvonne, questioning Pierre upon his manner of living with his morose old housemate, asked him what he could tell them about his friend. He narrated the story of his acquaintance with the revolutionist, and told how he had begged to be allowed to purchase the *Mignon* just after it had been exhibited, though it had never been put up for sale—as Pomm and Maryvonne both knew now. Finally, he told them how his old friend, Alto by name, had given him the money for his tour in Italy.

"Alto!" cried Pomm and Maryvonne almost simultaneously.

"I wonder if your friend is an old fellow with long white hair and very black eyes, dressed picturesquely with a wide felt hat and an immense black tie?" queried Maryvonne.

"That just describes him!" cried Pierre. "How on earth do you happen to know him?"

"We don't know him," explained the girl, "but we have met him." And she proceeded to relate to the young sculptor the incident in the second-hand bookshop of Marylebone Road.

"That's old Alto right enough!" declared Pierre when he had listened to the story. "I quite recognize him there! Except for the Italian papers for which he writes he is interested in no outside subject except in old books."

"An excellent man, he must be!" murmured Pomm.

"How I should like to see him again!" sighed Maryvonne, who felt curiously drawn to the old stranger.

"Alas! I am afraid that's not likely to happen," said Pierre. "Nothing I could say or do would convince old Alto to come out of his shell and see anybody except his famished Italian refugees. He's absolutely a recluse. One can do nothing with him! And after all, who am I to wish to alter the dear old fellow? . . . I feel that I owe him so much. I daren't thwart his wishes."

"Of course not," said Pomm. "You must not think of such a thing. But it seems strange that we should have met him—does it not?"

"Not stranger than that we should have met Monsieur Gérard in London!" quoth Maryvonne laughing.

"That's true enough!"

The *pot-au-feu* dinner had come to an end. Pierre declared that he had never eaten so delectable a dish in his life before. And Mélanie, clearing the table, eyed him again from beneath discreetly lowered lids, muttering to herself:

"Vas-y mon garçon. . . . Je ne suis pas si bête que tu penses. . . . Je vois dans ton petit jeu!" . . . Which being literally translated into English would mean:

"Don't you fear, my boy! . . . I'm not such a fool as you think. . . . I can see through your little game!"

Mélanie's keen eyes saw everything that there was to see, and she had known long before this what Pierre's feelings were for Maryvonne, and even what were Maryvonne's feelings for Pierre—better even than the girl knew herself. So far as Pierre was concerned it was evident that he had no illusions as to the condition of his

own heart, and realized better than any that he was a lost man!

After the *pot-au-feu* which had been so successful Pierre suggested another feast at his studio for the following week—on Christmas day. Pomm and Maryvonne having graciously accepted his invitation, Pierre—wily Pierre who had been so clearly seen through by Mélanie—turned to that astute widow of the defunct Hyppolite and said:

"And would the concoctor of the divine *pot-au-feu* of this evening also honor me on the same day?" he asked.

Mélanie blushed. "You certainly are no fool, Monsieur Pierre," she muttered again beneath her breath. But being a woman who knew her manners she answered demurely enough:

"With pleasure, Monsieur. Monsieur is indeed too kind to think of asking me!"

Mélanie was entirely delighted at the thought of spending an evening at the studio. She particularly hated the dull English Sunday evenings and wondered what a Christmas evening spent alone in the London lodgings would have meant for her!

So it was arranged that Mélanie should be Pierre's guest upon this occasion, and not to be outdone in generosity she offered to cook the dinner herself in French style for Monsieur Pierre. So after many confabulations, it was decided between the two of them that Mélanie should be put into possession of unlimited funds and should be let loose in the French shopping centre of Leicester Square—which she pronounced *Le-i-cess-tère Squarre*, in true French fashion. She was to be given free permission to buy all the ingredients she chose for the elaboration of a real French meal on the coming Christmas Day.

(To be concluded.)

IN FRENCH LORRAINE.

Just before we left the Gare de l'Est for Nancy we learnt of the aerial raid on the east coast of England, and to judge from the jerky telegrams published in the French papers, our country was in a state of considerable excitement, despite the barrier of the sea. Nancy, ten miles from the German lines, was as tranquil as only a French provincial town can be. In the last war it suffered the German yoke for three long years. To-day, though every military expert foretold its immediate occupation by the Germans, it has defied the invader.

Aeroplanes and Zeppelins may from time to time drop bombs upon it, but they are powerless to alarm its townsfolk, who talk with contempt of that single hour's bombardment which they suffered from the German guns posted on the border of the forest of Champenoux. The enemy fired at haphazard into the town from extreme range, and never once did their shells find any of those artistic treasures which they love to destroy, and with which Nancy is so richly provided. The symmetry of the Place Stanislas, with its graceful gilded gates and lanterns, is still unmarred, and the trees in the beautiful gardens of La Pépinière are still untouched.

Not that the Germans held their hand; they did their utmost to reach Nancy, but on the heights of the Grand Couronné they met their match in generalship and courage.

Even on that black September day, when for the first and last time the enemy pushed forward a battery of six-inch guns within range of the city, and it seemed that they had turned the southern point of the Grand Couronné, the people of Nancy kept calm and confident. Forty shells fell into the town, and then the bombard-

ment suddenly ceased. The word ran round that the danger was over and that the enemy's battery had been destroyed.

Slowly and remorselessly the Germans, straining every nerve to take the town, had driven back the French defence. On the plateau of Amance huge projectiles had been halled, until it seemed that even the very insects on it must have all been killed, their fragile bodies torn to pieces by shocks that would rend the hardest rock to atoms. So it was that they reached the forest of Champenoux and brought up a battery of big guns. Quite comfortably and at their ease the gunners began to fire over the slopes and trees in front of them, behind which lay their huge unseen target of the open city. They knew from experience that they could outrange the heaviest French artillery by more than two miles. Suddenly, however, shells began to burst at no great distance, sometimes behind, sometimes to the side—the deadly little shells of the French “75,” the deadliest weapon of modern war. At first they thought that a French battery hidden behind the forest trees were firing at random, for there had been no aeroplane to spy out their position.

But steadily the shells came nearer and nearer, until at last one burst right among the guns, filling the air with countless deadly fragments of flying steel. Then they came fast and furious, directed unerringly to the target by an unseen eye. One gun was dismantled, round a second piece the gun's crew lay lifeless. Very gallantly the men left the disabled gun and sought to serve the second piece. But the fire was too heavy. After a round or two the second gun was out of action, and the French fire was

concentrated on a third, until at last the whole battery was silenced, and the few gunners who remained took refuge in the underwood.

Then a man, who had been lying on the border of the forest just where it runs out in a sharp point towards the east and overlooked the German battery, unseen by the enemy who were all around him, set out to crawl back to his own lines. It was a French officer who, with a telephone and three kilomètres of wire, had been correcting the fire of his guns beyond the forest, and who had held his post until every gun was silent.

The full story of the defence of Nancy will some day be told by the historian. Not only did it save Nancy, but it was the indispensable condition of the victory of the Marne.

The war began with a great surge forward of the French over the frontier north and south of Metz. The enemy gave way before them, and they believed that the German army was defeated, until they came unawares against a strong position carefully prepared beforehand and well provided with heavy artillery. There the French advance was checked and turned into a retreat. Sullenly General de Castelnau's men fell back across the frontier to the lines of the Grand Couronné, the semicircle of hills that guards Nancy on the north-east.

Flushed with victory, and in their turn thinking that they had utterly overthrown their enemy, the Germans swept on. Ignoring General de Castelnau's army on their flank—was it not beaten and demoralized?—they pressed towards Lunéville and thence towards the Moselle. Their aim was not Nancy but Paris, and for a moment they must have thought that they had the road clear before them through the "trouée de Mirecourt," the fifty miles gap in the fortified frontier of France that lies between Toul and

Epinal. As for the armies on the flank, they would roll them up and invest them in Nancy and Toul to grace the German arms with a second Metz or Sedan.

Meanwhile, with grim determination, General de Castelnau reorganized his army behind the barrier of the Grande Couronné. His orders were to seek no great success, but at any cost to hold his own, and preserve unbroken the French line that ran from Paris to Switzerland.

His artillery had been hard hit in the retreat, but he had the great fortress of Toul to draw upon, and in five days he was ready to prove to the enemy that the army on their flank was not so negligible as they supposed.

On August 25 he ordered a general offensive of all his troops, both north and south of Nancy, and directed a series of sledge-hammer blows against the German line of communications which their advance towards the Moselle had exposed.

The German Commander, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, realized that a further advance would be disastrous, and with all speed he brought back two Army corps to protect his flank. From that moment the German objective changed. All their efforts were directed on the capture of Nancy, and the plan of an advance on Paris through the gap of Mirecourt was abandoned.

It was during these days that the Grand Couronné was exposed to the fiercest assault. An attack made on Ste. Geneviève, its northern point, by two columns that came up the Moselle from Metz was easily repulsed. Then the great effort, backed by heavy artillery brought up from Metz, was made along the main road from Nancy to Salzbürg, where it runs through the forest of Champenoux below the plateau of Amance, the southern point of the Grand Couronné. Their ad-

vance prepared by such a storm of heavy projectiles as even in this war has rarely been seen, the German infantry fought their way inch by inch towards Nancy. 40,000 shells or some 600 tons of metal were according to the French estimate thrown on to the plateau of Amance alone. Then, however, they discovered the limitations of heavy artillery. They had shelled the plateau of Amance and the whole country-side until it seemed that not a single human being could be left alive. It was for their infantry to discover that the defending army had not been annihilated, that, on the contrary, it was there in force and with moral unshaken.

Then the "75's", each one with its twenty mellinite shells to the minute, began at last to play their part. Hidden and silent, they had not fired a shot at the heavy guns they could not touch. They had been concealed where no enemy's shell could find them, and now when the infantry was within range they had their word to say. The German advance slackened, was checked and gradually became a movement of retreat. The invader had shot his bolt, and a few days later he was thrown back across the Selle to the positions he holds to-day.

Fighting in the hills and forest country of Lorraine must of necessity differ very considerably from fighting further to the north and west. Natural defences count more and artificial defences less. The trenches are less continuous, and it is on the defence of particular points of vantage rather than on that of a continuous line of country that the efforts of both sides are concentrated.

The art of forest-fighting is one in which the Frenchman excels, since it gives full scope to that initiative, quickness of intelligence and originality which are his birthright, and in Lorraine the French have had their

fill of forest-fighting. Once in the undergrowth that both conceals and blinds, each man must to a great extent act and think for himself. Few things would appear more impregnable than such a forest position as that which the Germans had prepared above Gerbéviller. The road skirts the forest and the first two lines of German trenches ran on either side of it. Behind them lay the wood, with nothing to show the ambush which its foliage hid. To reach its edge was hard enough across fifty yards or so of bullet-swept open ground, but once he had passed into the underwood, a man would find himself in a very labyrinth of death. On every side, behind every tree, from every clump, from every leaf-covered mound death would await him. For the pick-axe and spade had been hard at work, until the soil from one end of the wood to the other had been honey-combed with thousands of little semi-circular trenches, each holding two or three men. Thatched over with leafy branches they were all of them invisible. Even unoccupied by the foe, they seemed to offer an insuperable obstacle to any hurried advance.

If a man tried to force his way through the scrub oak in a hurry, he might fall into a dozen trenches some three or four feet deep before he had gained as many yards.

Yet this position with all its intricate trenches was carried by a bayonet charge.

It was on August 30 that the French troops, who had checked the German advance on the Moselle and converted it into a retreat, prepared to assault the enemy's positions above the Mortagne near Gerbéviller. At this point the eastern bank of the Mortagne rises abruptly some two hundred feet to a plateau. The French had established themselves on the edge of this plateau in a line of hastily constructed

trenches. Their only communication with the other bank and the main body of their army was a fragile-looking donkey-back footbridge over which reinforcements had to be brought in single file.

The Mortagne, although it looked shallow enough, is with its eddies and deep holes very treacherous, and fords are few and far between. No artillery could be brought across it, but a battery of six-inch Rimmilhos was posted on the further bank with a view to supporting the assault.

Unhappily it was among the French troops that it was fated to do its greatest execution.

The French had 500 or 600 yards of open ground to cover before they reached the first line of the enemy's trenches. Behind the line was a broad main road and on the further side of it a second line of trenches. Behind this line was the forest position at a distance of 2400 mètres from the Rimmilhos on the further bank.

Early in the morning, in a dense fog, the order to attack was given, and two regiments made a frontal attack on the forest, while a third regiment on the left tried to work its way up the valley which bounds the plateau on the Gerbéviller side.

The men were reservists between twenty-eight and thirty-two, most of them married, and they went to work with the true *furia francese*. Using only the bayonet ("la Rosalie" as it is affectionately called), with a single rush they carried the first line of the trenches. Then, scarcely pausing to reform, they sprang across the road and swept the second line of the trenches clear of the enemy, who seemed utterly demoralized by this mad onslaught in a blinding mist. Without a pause they swept on into the wood itself. The Germans made no attempt to hold the shelters and trenches on which so much labor and

ingenuity had been spent but fled without firing a shot.

In half an hour the 292nd regiment had carried the whole position in front of it.

Unfortunately no one had anticipated so speedy a success. Three hours, at least, had been allowed for the capture of the first two lines of trenches, and it was at this moment that the big Rimmilhos on the other side of the river chose to open a tremendous fire on the forest with the idea of driving the enemy from positions that were almost impregnable.

The range was known to a nicety. The French soldiers, after stumbling over empty trenches and fighting their way through the underwood in hot pursuit of a vanished foe, were just pausing to take breath when the whole wood round them was turned into an inferno of fire and steel and flying splinters. In a wood the effect of melinite is particularly deadly. In addition to the shock of its explosion, which is sufficient to kill a man without causing a visible wound, it fills the air with countless splintered fragments of wood.

There was no means of sending word to the French guns beyond the Mortagne that they were mowing down their own troops. There was a telephone to the battery from a farm building a hundred yards or so below the trenches from which the charge started, but in the mist and confusion no one thought of it and the mischief was done long before it could be reached.

In all probability the men themselves had no idea that they were being torn to pieces by their own guns. For a time they tried to hold the ground they had gained so gallantly. The task was beyond the power of human nature.

A few shattered fragments of the regiment fell back in disorder on the

reserve companies stationed in the rear. For a moment there was something of a panic. The colors of the regiment were lost in the Mortagne, their bearer being drowned, but a private plunged in after them and brought them back to land.

Then the men rallied and reformed along the line of trenches whence they had started that morning. It seemed that all their dash and courage had been wasted. But, in point of fact, the enemy had been utterly demoralized, and later, when the division engaged had been relieved by another division, made no attempt to defend the position. So that after all something had been achieved by this terrible loss of life.

One of the characteristics of fighting in Lorraine is the invisibility of the troops engaged. At one point we were less than three miles from the enemy's lines. Our motors had been left under the crest of a hill for fear of attracting the enemy's fire. Along the crest of the hill itself ran the second line of the French trenches, looking very cold and uninviting, half full of frozen water. On the left the trench ran down into a little valley and up again on the further side like a brown scar on the hill-side, and on the right it disappeared in a dense wood.

Straight ahead in the foreground was a little village clustered on a slope. It had suffered little from shell fire, as the projectiles of both sides generally passed over it, but it could only be revictualled at night for fear of attracting the enemy's fire. Guns were booming away steadily in the distance, but apart from this sound it would be hard to imagine a more peaceful scene. The whole countryside was desolate as only the French country can be. Apart from our own party, the only sign of life in sight appeared to be a sentry and a country cart lumbering along towards us. The

sentry, as he stood, muffled up to the eyes, beside a rough shelter made of branches which marked the beginning of the first line of defence, looked in his dark blue uniform against the snow-covered fields as though he had stepped out of a picture by Meissonier.

The cart seemed as peaceful as a farm cart can seem, and at the first glance one did not notice that its carters were soldiers and that it was carrying a wounded man to the rear.

In that district there was one man and more to every square rod, and yet these were the only living beings in sight.

In the background, on a hill that marks the further bank of the Seille, the frontier river, stood a long low red farm-house. At first sight there was nothing to distinguish it from any other farm-house, but a word from an officer had the power to give it a special interest of its own. It marked the position of the German outposts. Through the glasses we could distinguish the brown lines of the German trenches cut in the slopes below it and, for an instant, a black figure of a sentry, which immediately after disappeared. No doubt he thought our party unworthy of his attention.

The guns were booming on either side and these were all the visible signs of war, unless one might count gray wreaths of smoke that floated lightly above the forest.

Instinctively one's mind went back to the tales of Iroquois and Sioux, of Hawkeye and the last of the Mohicans. The woods were full of men armed to the teeth and seeking one another's lives, but there was nothing to betray their presence, no sign except the thin smoke that clung to the tree-tops, no sound except the distant thunder of the guns.

Over yonder on the further side of the Seille valley the smoke was rising from German camp-fires, nearer it be-

trayed the huts where the French were cooking their evening meal.

Trapper and Indian, when in days gone by they hid their trail so cunningly and vied with one another in the art of invisibility, had no fear of observation from above. The sky was still the birthright of the birds, and man had no part in it to make war from the clouds. So that if their tracks and their camp were hidden from the sight of those who walked on the ground like themselves, they had achieved their end. But to-day a new instinct is being developed. The soldier when he has found shelter must feel instinctively whether he is hidden not only from eyes on a level with his own, but also from those of the aviator who glides far above, like Chll the kite in the jungle-book, waiting and watching for things to die.

If but a glimpse is given to the watcher above, a signal follows, and in an instant the secret refuge has become the target of every gun within range.

The ingenuity with which men and guns are hidden passes description. In the forest one may catch a glimpse of little huts, like the wood-cutter's cottage of a fairy-tale, thatched with oak branches to which the shrivelled leaves are still clinging so that the sharpest eye might pass them by in the winter brown of the undergrowth. The one touch of color I noticed was given by a hut of bright green canvas which had obviously been built to match the luxuriant summer foliage.

The guns are concealed with even greater cunning. The wind was cruel, driving before it a few flakes of frozen snow, when we set out in quest of a battery on a certain shell-torn plateau. We struggled on as best we could across the rough waste ground, threading our way through the countless pits opened in the stony soil by German shells. Then when we had

scrambled over a deep-cut communication trench, the Staff Officer who was guiding us suddenly admitted that he was at a loss.

"I have been to this battery three times," he said, "and each time I have had a regular hunt for it. Even now I do not feel sure that we are right. If it is not over there, I do not know where it is."

As he spoke, he pointed to some uninviting hummocks on our right, sparsely covered with snow. There was nothing about them to suggest that they differed in any way from other mounds that we had climbed over or skirted round, but hoping for the best we pushed on towards them with the wind beating in our faces. It was only when we came right up to them that we discovered that there really was something strange about them. It is not usual for a little hill to have a front door to it, even if that front door is so cunningly made of brushwood hurdles that it can scarcely be distinguished from the tangled grass and brambles round it. Such a door should lead to the haunts of gnomes and of the little people who live underground, and one felt a certain sense of impropriety when our major tapped sharply upon it instead of pronouncing some mysterious open sesame. The door swung back promptly on its clumsy leather hinges, and there peered out of the opening in the side of the mound a face so bristling with hair that, but for the *képi*, it might have belonged to some treasure-guarding gnome.

Bending low the major plunged underground and we followed him, stumbling down a flight of clumsy steps to find ourselves in a gun emplacement surrounded by half a dozen reservists, all equally cheerful and all equally deserving of their pet name of "pollu." The burrow was lighted by a gap in the upper world some eight

feet long by three feet broad. Through this gap the workmanlike muzzle of an evil-looking field gun was contemplating the melancholy prospect: in the foreground a few yards of rising ground, then the bare top-branches of a tree showing over the crest of the hill, and beyond nothing but gray wind-driven snow-clouds. Rarely or never has the modern artilleryman the satisfaction of seeing his target.

They were by no means uncomfortable quarters, sheltered and warm on that bleak wind-swept plateau. The gun was buried some six feet below the surface, and the earth above it was propped up by a network of beams and planks. Still more cosy were the sleeping quarters some twelve feet lower. To reach them one plunged down a narrow dark hole and, after knocking one's head against the beams of the roof more or less violently in the darkness, clambered down a ten-foot ladder. The whole descent recalled Alice's plunge into the White Rabbit's burrow which led to Wonderland. At the foot of the ladder there was a subterranean passage which turned sharply to the left into a little cave where there was room for a dozen men to curl themselves up in the straw. The stuffiness of the atmosphere was distinctly pleasant after the bitter cold of the air outside, and two men awakened by our sudden apparition grunted out a sleepy welcome. The largest shell might have burst in the ground immediately above their heads without waking them so effectually.

The other guns of the battery were similarly concealed and defied detection from any quarter. The German air-scouts had hunted for them again and again, but never had the keenest-eyed observer succeeded in locating their position.

To the Parisian the German aeroplane has become a comparatively fa-

milliar object. There is something more aggravating than alarming in the appearance of the mosquito-like craft sailing serenely over the city with the evening sun painting colors on its wings. It seems in another world, and even the crashing detonations of the bombs which it drops into neighboring streets fail to bring home its relation to the crowd of upturned faces in the Boulevard below.

We passed under an Aviatik when we were driving from Nancy to Lunéville, and the impression it produced was very different from that produced by a Taube over Paris. Though it was flying very high the warning black cross beneath its wings was clearly visible, and as its planes shivered a little in the varying breeze, it seemed a hawk hovering over its prey. It looked evil and merciless enough, but there in the open country there was nothing to shock the spirit of fair-play as there had been in Paris. From a hill near by there came a little sputter of musketry just as we had heard in the city streets and the Aviatik flew on, evidently thinking our party unworthy of its attention.

Later we discovered that this particular "bird of evil" had no more common sense or idea of fair-play than the aeroplanes which killed women and children in Paris. It had dropped half a dozen purposeless bombs on Lunéville, and if it did not kill any non-combatant, that was certainly not its fault. As for its moral effect, an old lady of the town told me exactly how she felt about it at a tea-party that afternoon. "We are so accustomed to their aeroplanes," she said, "that we do not trouble to look at them, and as for their bombs I assure you that they really do not startle me so much as the horrible noise that the shopkeepers make every evening when they pull down their iron shutters."

Life in such towns as Lunéville only a few miles from the Germans is almost normal. On the eastern frontier the memories of 1870 have never been forgotten, and occupation by a brutal invader, an idea that to the English mind is almost inconceivable, is remembered as a matter of experience just as any other unpleasant event might be. The Germans had come and had been driven away never to return; this fact is quite enough for the inhabitants of Lorraine. Kindly invited to tea by the mayor of Lunéville we found ourselves in the midst of a gay gathering which differed in no way from a similar function in time of peace, except that military uniforms predominated over civilian clothes. While the tea-cups went round and, in French fashion, glasses of champagne were served, people talked of the German inroad which was only a few weeks old in the detached fashion in which people in England might talk of atrocities in China or the Balkans. The mayor told us quite simply how he had demanded an apology for acts of unspeakable barbarity and the punishment of the guilty soldiers from a new German governor of the town. The general replied that none of his men would dare to be such brutes; the soldiers responsible belonged to another army corps and for them he could not be responsible, but while he was there he would see to it that the inhabitants of Lunéville were properly treated. The mayor, who was held as a hostage and was quite prepared to be shot out of hand, consented to accept this assurance. "I hesitated," he said, "when the Boche held out his hand, but I decided to take it; for what he said was true and while he was governor here there were no atrocities." The story was told in the same unemotional tone which the mayor's wife used when she described how her

husband was taken away and shut up for days in the town-hall as a hostage, while perforce she entertained the entire German staff in her historic house where the treaty of Lunéville was signed.

Even so close behind the lines there is no scarcity of provisions or even of luxuries. At luncheon near the front such a meal was set before us as could not be surpassed in the most famous restaurants of Paris. The table was decorated with carnations that could only have come from the Riviera coast, and on the menu there figured Marennes oysters and lobsters which in some mysterious way had been brought up absolutely fresh from the sea over railway lines that were presumably strained to the utmost under the burden of providing necessities and ammunition for the Army.

We were able to convince ourselves of the admirable way in which the French soldier is fed by a surprise visit to the kitchen of a reservist regiment in a small village near the firing line. In a large barn three great fires were blazing cheerfully, and over each of them hung a number of large pots from which savory odors were steaming. The regimental cooks, one of whom in civilian life was the chef of a well-known restaurant, invited us to taste the soup and meat which they were cooking, and to appreciate them the hunger of the trenches was not needed as a sauce. The reservists gathered round the fires in a merry group exchanging with their officers that respectful chaff which the splendid *camaraderie* of the French Army allows. The only suggestion that they could make for the improvement of their rations was that their daily allowance of wine might be increased.

They are splendid men, the reservists who saved Nancy, the town that, according to the military experts, was doomed to fall in the first few days

of war. As reckless and dashing as the men of the active army when occasion demands, they possess a steadiness and power of endurance which is proof against every trial. *Pères de famille* as most of them are, they positively seem to enjoy the hardships of campaigning, and it would be difficult to find a more cheerful and healthy-looking body of men. They are not smart as Englishmen understand smartness. It is almost a point of honor with them to deserve the name of "polu" by eschewing the razor as religiously as a Nazarite. You may find them on a shelterless plateau in a raging blizzard busy about the trenches and the wire entanglements or, more trying still, waiting monotonously to be relieved; yet there is always a smile on their bearded faces and they have always a joke and a cheery word ready to defy the elements and the enemy.

I heard their virtues extolled on an occasion not lightly to be forgotten. We were standing in the churchyard of the little village of Ste. Geneviève, the northernmost point of the Grand Couronné. Beneath our feet ran the Moselle: on its left bank one could distinguish perpetually-bombarded Pont à Mousson, and behind it the forest of Bois le Prêtre from which there came a continuous thunder of artillery. On the right bank rose the precipitous hill of Mousson, like the back of a huge whale, crowned with the ruins of a church where one of the batteries that bombarded Ste. Geneviève had been posted, and round its base ran the semicircle of the forest of Facq, extending to the foot of the hill on which we were standing. If only the snow-clouds had lifted, we should have seen on the horizon the great German fortress of Metz.

The steady boom of distant guns made the wrecked churchyard and the ruined village round it seem even more

silent and desolate; the deep voice of the colonel who told us the heroic story and the wailing of the wind blended with the far-away clamor of war. Despite that clamor the country-side seemed very quiet and peaceful under its mantle of snow, and it was hard to imagine the inferno of fire and steel that it had been a few months before. Ste. Geneviève had been exposed to a cross-fire and there is little of it left. The houses are all fire-gutted and in ruins. Through a great breach in the church wall one can see a wild confusion of tangled beams and masonry, and above it a crucifix, the one thing that remains intact. Was it the eye of fancy that discerned a look of wonder at the surrounding ruin on the Saviour's patient face? Grave-stones had been uprooted and shattered by German shell, and an old yew tree which had braved time and storm for centuries had in a second been rent asunder.

The colonel was one of those splendid French soldiers to whom war is as the very breath of their nostrils, and as he stood up erect against the wind he took a positive pleasure in battling with the elements. "*J'aime la guerre*," he said, "it is my profession. It is natural that I should love it." He had been a major when the Germans made their onslaught on Ste. Geneviève and had earned promotion on the battle-field.

"You should have seen my men," he said, "at the critical moment when we were being bombarded from both sides. The German artillery on the further bank of the Moselle was taking us on the flank, and in front their heavy guns were pounding away at us from the vantage point of the hill of Mousson where they were posted just behind the crest. It seemed that nothing could live under that avalanche of flame. But our men stuck fast to their trenches, and we

soon discovered that heavy artillery is more nerve-shaking than dangerous. We were ordered to hold our ground at any cost and that we were determined to do. We knew that Ste. Geneviève was the key to the Grand Couronné and to Nancy.

"Then the German infantry began to advance. Four or five Bavarian regiments debouched from the forest of Facq below and advanced uphill across the fields towards the line of our trenches, which ran through Lolsy at the foot of Ste. Geneviève. We had only one regiment, but we had the advantage of position. They came on under a murderous fire most gallantly, and some of them even reached the

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barbed wire not fifty yards from our trenches, but there they broke and ran. Those of them who reached the border of the forest were simply torn to pieces by our '75's,' which had at last found something within range. The next day we picked up over 2000 German dead, and to our own astonishment we found that we had only eighty casualties despite the enormous quantity of ammunition expended by the enemy. A regiment of French reservists had shown that it could hold Ste. Geneviève against any force, and to-day we should only be too happy if the Boches would try once again to reach Nancy by way of Ste. Geneviève."

H. Warner Allen.

VERHAEREN: FLEMISH POET AND PATRIOT.

We have admired the Belgians for many things: for their technical education, linking up school and workshop; for their widespread co-operative societies, carrying prosperity into remote hamlets; for their experiments in proportional representation and old age pensions; for their low taxation and ingenious facilities for cheap railway travelling; for their housewifery schools that have been the model for Europe—in a word for all that makes for the solid wellbeing and orderly prosperity of a country. Our appreciation of all this has added to the poignancy of our sorrow at its ruthless destruction. Yet few of us till recently had any understanding of the essence of the Belgian national spirit, of its vitality and passion in the citizens of this modern little kingdom, the creation of diplomats. The reason lay mainly in our ignorance of her literature. No doubt the industrial wealth of Belgium has seemed to stifle the poetry that lies enshrined in the heart of every people. Her Flemish

literature has been a sealed book to us; her French has been largely merged in that of France. We have scarcely given her credit for her own Maeterlinck, so long as he appeared identified with the literary life of Paris, any more than we remember that Huysmans was, in fact, a Dutchman. This, perhaps, is the inevitable fate of a small and bi-lingual nation. Yet all these years Belgium, rich in material things, has been rich also in artistic and literary endeavor, and, above all, she has possessed a poet of the highest endowments specially qualified to reveal, in their varied manifestations, the force and the beauty of Flemish life and the melancholy charm of the Flemish landscape. It is surely one of the ironies of life that, hitherto little known in England, and never appreciated at his full value in France, the name of Emile Verhaeren should long have been familiar to cultivated Germans, and to-day it is through an English translation of a biographical study written

by his German friend and translator, Stefan Zweig, that he is being introduced to a wider public in this country.

Enshrined in Verhaeren's poetry, and forming an essential feature of it, we find precisely those elements which history has revealed as characteristic of the lusty, intemperate Flemish race from which he is sprung: the strong mystical element that gave us Ruysbroeck and the author of the *Imitation*, Jan van Eyck and Memling, and, in startling contrast, the grossly material element, boisterously taking its pleasures in kermesse and drinking bout, so marvellously visualized by the Flemish Old Masters. These two elements, both indestructibly vital, have flourished throughout the Flemish provinces ever since their hardy population emerged from barbarism, and if we would know whether they have survived to this day, we have only to turn the pages of Verhaeren's slim volumes of verse. Both elements, in so far as they are not solely an outcome of race, would appear closely connected with the typical Belgian landscape—flat, wide-spreading, mournful—that greets the traveller in the early morning as he steams slowly up the sluggish Scheldt. And if its green melancholy beauty and wide horizon

La verte immensité des plaines et des plaines,

prompts a mystical apprehension of life, surely, the heavy sodden soil, with its low lying mists, seems to justify the counter-attraction of strong drink. Hearty eaters and drinkers the Belgians still are, indulging freely, thanks to their great industrial prosperity, in solid luxury and good living, while in considerable measure they remain as unswervingly Catholic as the peasants of Brittany, with pardons and processions and pilgrimages and all the picturesque, popular means of

expression that a vivid faith in the unseen creates for itself.

It is these vital national characteristics that form the basis of Verhaeren's muse. In spite of frequent sojourns abroad, in London, Paris and Spain, he has been singularly untouched by foreign influences. It has been the custom of critics to write about him largely in reference to his friends and contemporaries—Lemonnier, Henri de Regnier, Maeterlinck, Viéto-Griffin and others—and to enquire whether he is mainly Symbolist or Naturalist, Rationalist or Catholic, but we shall understand him better if we study him in direct relation to his own country. As Prof. Gordon rightly insisted when presenting the poet for the doctorate of letters at Leeds University, the great winds and waters and large horizons of his country and the lusty vigor of its life still govern, and have always governed, both his vision and his verse. His boyhood was rich in experiences that were to leave indelible impressions on his mind. His home lay on the banks of the Scheldt, at Saint-Amand, midway between Antwerp and Termonde, names to-day of tragic import. The family was well-to-do and owned a large house and garden, and the small Emile passed a healthy, happy childhood sharing in the exploits of the village boys and unconsciously imbibing the genius of peasant life. Later came the necessity for studious years at the College Ste-Barbe at Ghent, the school where Maeterlinck followed him and where Rodenbach was his chosen companion, but holiday time saw a renewal of the free country life, so exhilarating to the boy who was already trying his hand at verse-making. Friends of the family engaged in the merchant navy would relate tales of adventure in foreign lands which filled the lad with a nostalgia for the sea and all that a

roving life holds in store. Often he would accompany his father to a neighboring Cistercian monastery, starting on foot at half-past four in the morning so as to arrive in time for confession and communion in the monastic church, and the fleeting glimpses these visits afforded of the austere religious life supplied fresh food for his poetic imagination. As years passed he learnt to love the beauty of the landscape and to wrest its secrets from the "green immensity" that he was to sing in so many a lyric, and to look with a horror as savage as that of Ruskin on the encroachments of the "ville tentaculaire." When the time came for choosing a profession he scorned the place that had been reserved for him in his uncle's factory, and under a promise to read later for the bar, he secured a fruitful five years at Louvain University, leaving only in his twenty-sixth year (1881). By that time his literary career was assured.

Louvain in those years was seething with literary talent, impatient, daring, and ambitious. "Young Belgium" was just then seeking expression for its ideals and breaking away from the conventions that had long shackled art and literature in the country and made of Brussels but a servile imitation of Paris. Verhaeren flung himself into the movement with an enthusiasm and a talent that rapidly brought him into prominence. At Louvain, in conjunction with E. Deman, who was to be his life-long friend and publisher, he founded and edited a militant little sheet, *La Semaine*, which soon incurred the censure of the university authorities. Later, in Brussels, the young poet collaborated in all the literary magazines that succeeded each other as exponents of young and new ideas, and of Belgian national life—*La Wallonie*, *L'Art Jeune*, *L'Art Moderne* and

others. Art filled these early days almost as fully as literature. For some years Verhaeren lived in a little coterie of painters of whom Theo van Rysseberghe and a young Spanlard, Dario de Regoyos, were the most intimate, and he quickly revealed himself as an exponent of Impressionism, and as an appreciative critic of the works of Monet and Fernand Knopff. In its external features his life—for he had soon given up all pretence of reading law—would seem to have been an entirely congenial one, with much hard literary work, it is true, but led amid the unconventional surroundings beloved in all ages of the art student.

How comes it then that Verhaeren has earned for himself the title of "poète du paroxysme?" Lyric poet as he is, endowed with an exquisite sensibility, with eyes eager for nature's loveliness and a painter's passion for pure color, there is yet a tragic and morbid strain in his nature, urging him in certain moods to the contemplation of all that is gross and repulsive. At such times he has no reticence, no sense of discrimination. *Les Flamandes*, the book with which he made his serious *début* as a poet, excited, on its appearance, a chorus of reprobation, and the mood that inspired it has never been wholly quenched. Had Verhaeren not been Flemish to the very marrow of his bones, one would have accused him of being simply an imitator of Zola: his "Paysans," indeed, are the peasants of "La Terre." Yet, it is probably more accurate to say that his "Flamandes" are the women whom Rubens painted, for the great painter, we know, was an object of his early veneration. Moreover, in these years he was so obsessed by the vigorous animal life of the Flemish peasant, that he reproduces it with the uncompromising fidelity of a Dutch genre picture. The keenness of vision and sureness of epi-

thet to which these early poems already bear witness, have remained with him through life, but as years passed wider horizons have spread themselves out before his gaze.

The next and paroxysmal stage of Verhaeren's poetic development is indicated by the lurid and sinister volumes bearing the suggestive titles, *Les Débâcles* and *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, volumes which corresponded with a severe nervous crisis, that lasted some years, the result of ill-health. Those who admire the beauty of disease have professed to discern great genius in these morbid, extravagant, tormented poems, which at times become incoherent to the verge of madness. Nor is it possible to appreciate the full range of Verhaeren's powerful imagination without taking into account the paroxysms of despair to which his soul has always been liable. Yet they represent, surely, but a transitional stage of anguish, a *via crucis* through which the soul works its sorrowful way into a richer, more spiritual life.

It is a joy to escape from these regions of black pessimism, in which the poet is "immensément emmaillotté d'ennui," into the clear atmosphere of restored health and hope and sanity. The charming poem, so gay and tender, dedicated to St. George in *Les Apparus dans mes Chemins*, which has been admirably translated by Alma Strettell, symbolizes this re-birth, at once physical and spiritual.

St. George in radiant armor came
Speeding along in heaps of flame
'Mid the sweet morning, through my
soul.

Then, laying upon me as he went
A charge of valor, and the sign
Of the cross on my brow from his
lance divine,
He sped upon his shining road
Straight, with my heart, towards his
God.

A year or two later *Les Villages Il-*

lusaires seemed to place the poet definitely in the ranks of the Symbolists. As in *Les Flamandes* the poems have as basis the intimacy with peasant life that he had acquired in his childhood, but in place of the materialism of the early presentment, we find the same themes treated in their symbolical significance. Readers unacquainted with Verhaeren's verse would do well to allow his *Villages Illusoires* to serve them as an introduction. All that is most characteristic in Flemish village life stands revealed in these melodious imaginative pages. It is true an underlying strain of melancholy runs through many of the poems, and the author prefers to contemplate nature in her more mournful moments, as when he shows us the falling rain:

Longue comme des fils sans fin, la
longue pluie
Interminablement, à travers le jour
gris,
Infinitement, la pluie,
La longue pluie,
La pluie.

Or when he paints the crushing silence of the moorland:

Mais aucun bruit n'est assez fort
Pour déchirer l'espace intense et mort;
or makes us feel the heavy fall of the snow:

La neige tombe indiscontinûment
Comme une lente et longue et pauvre
laine
Parmi la morne et longue et pauvre
plaine,
Froide d'amour, chaude de haine.

Yet the poems possess a beauty of rhythm and melody and a felicity of language that render them an enchantment to the ear, while a hitherto unsuspected vein of tenderness makes an appeal to our hearts. Moreover, the book has the charm of suggesting many of the deep-lying problems of life in the series of dramatic word-pictures of the inhabitants of the illusory village—the bell-ringer, the

grave-digger, the fisherman, the blacksmith, the ferryman. These figures have much of the sentiment of Millet's pictures: the same glorification of the humble, daily toil of the peasant. In each one humanity stands revealed in its pathos, its heroism, its patience, as the case may be. In some a deeper note of horror has been struck, as in the gruesome legend of the miller and his wife, and the tragic vision of the old bell-ringer, wildly ringing his bells amid "les crins rouges de l'incendie," a poem that might well have illustrated the German invasion. Of how many of the belfries of Belgium with their incomparable carillons, has not this been the fate?

Le vieux clocher
Tout à coup noir semble pencher;
Et l'on entend étage par étage
Avec des heurts dans leur descente
Les cloches bondissantes
Jusqu'à terre, plonger.

Of pure symbolism, however, it is the visionary rope-maker, ever twisting the long strands of hemp, and seemingly drawing down upon himself the horizons of life, who is the most closely drawn type.

If Verhaeren has sung in countless lyrics the Flemish countryside, its progressive destruction through the growth of the "ville tentaculaire" has inspired some of his most powerful verse. Industrialism has played too predominant a part in the life of modern Belgium for it not to enter largely into the vision of so nationalist a poet. He sees cities and factories—those of England are as familiar to him as those of his own land—devouring the green fields as with loathsome tentacles; he sees the golden orchards disappearing beneath "La noire immensité des usines rectangulaires," and in mournful stanzas he sings the death of the open plain:

La plaine est morne et lasse et ne se
défend plus,

La plaine est morne et morte et la
ville la mange.

In the volume entitled *Les Villes Tentaculaires*—in opposition to the old "villes à pignons" to which he has dedicated another volume—the poet gives, in a series of pictures of the bourse, the factory, the quayside, the bazaar, a brutal vision of the modern town, with vice and drink everywhere rampant amid a sordid and haggard population. It is the price we pay for our industrial system. His drama, *Les Aubes*, of which Mr. Arthur Symons has made a fine translation under the title *The Dawn*, is intended to indicate a path of deliverance from intolerable conditions of labor. In it the popular tribune falls a victim to violence, but the cause of the people is held to have triumphed as they hurl to the ground a statue symbolizing law and order. The play would appear to be based on the Paris Commune and points only to revolution as a remedy for social wrongs.

Whether Verhaeren can claim to be a great dramatic as well as a great lyric poet is at least open to question. *Les Aubes*, as far as I am aware, has only been performed at the Socialist Maison du Peuple at Brussels, and the poet's friends usually adopt an apologetic tone when they refer to it. Comparisons have often been made, and made fairly, between the Flemish poet and Victor Hugo, for Verhaeren has his romantic side, and the two poets hold in common their prophetic outlook on life, their splendid vigor of diction, their facility for sonorous verse that in its weaker moments is only grandiloquent, their genuine passion for humanity. In pure drama, however, Verhaeren is no rival to the author of *Ruy Blas*. Yet, there is one play of his that is endowed with an undoubted dramatic quality, and presents a situation so novel on the stage, that it has achieved on the Con-

tain a fair measure of success before intellectual audiences. This is his drama, *Le Cloître*, the scenes of which take place wholly within monastic walls and contain no female character. Ever since early mediæval times the cloister has played, and still plays, so real a part in the life of the Flemish race—the outward sign of their mystical tendency—that Verhaeren, identifying himself as he does with every national manifestation, could not possibly remain indifferent to it. Quite early in his poetic career the memory of his boyish visits to the monastery near St. Amand, combined with the impressions gained during a retreat he made in a monastery at Forges, in Hainault, found vivid expression in *Les Moines* (1886), a collection of short poems giving a somewhat external and romantic appreciation of the religious life. It is characteristic of him that the more sentimental appeal of nuns fails to touch him. His monks are true Flemings, robust, broad-shouldered, apostolic, of exuberant vitality, strong in their faith as in their obedience. His imagination is fired by the picturesque fighting bishop of feudal times, by the Prince-Abbot riding through the forest, crozier in hand, at the head of his armed retainers, by the missionary monk fighting for the triumph of the cross, at once:

Vases de chasteté ne tarissant jamais,
and,

Abatteurs d'hérésie à large coups de
crosse.

He has none of the sensitive shrinking of our time from the stern discipline of early Christian days; rather he glories in hair-shirts, and desperate penances and passionate renunciations and comes back to them time after time. Yet he sings for us also, and very tenderly, the "moine doux," the "convers recueilli sous la soutane bise,"

and those "amants naïfs de la Très Sainte Vierge"

Qui l'ont priée avec des vœux si
dévotants

Et des cœurs si brûlés qu'ils en ont
les yeux grands.

In the later drama, *Le Cloître* (1900), the theme is that of the clash of ideals and wills within monastic walls. Dom Balthasar, already designated as the next Prior, falling a prey to remorse that he can no longer control, confesses in Chapter that he murdered his own father previous to entering the monastery, and we are shown in a scene of dramatic intensity, a strong man's agony of shame, and the varying effects of the confession on his monastic brethren. The austere and aristocratic Prior had authorized the confession to the Community alone, but Dom Marc, young, exalted, and other-worldly, urges on Balthasar a complete and public avowal of his crime. There follows a second confession of heightened violence after High Mass in the public church, and the ignominious casting forth of Balthasar from the door of the cloister by the outraged monks.

As acted in London last winter by a very able Belgian company, this last scene was an unhappy failure, and the repetition of the confession in two succeeding acts would appear a fatal flaw in any drama. The attraction of the play, over and above the fine sonority of its lines, lies in its ably conceived clash of the strong wills of men, united in a common faith and ideal, yet torn asunder by insidious ambitions and ignoble motives. The sex problem is wholly absent from the play as written. It is, therefore, altogether deplorable from the point of view of artistic fitness, that the part of the young monk, Dom Marc, should be entrusted to a woman. As dramatic writing *Le Cloître* can be read with very considerable pleasure;

when acted it proves once again the inherent impossibility of representing the life of the cloister on the stage with any semblance of verisimilitude.

Play-writing, however, forms but an episode in the life's work of the poet. His output of verse has been very remarkable in quantity. Year after year has seen the publication of a fresh volume, bearing a dedication to some distinguished literary friend. His moods are capricious, and it would be rash to assert that the gloom and despondency of earlier years have wholly passed away. But undoubtedly time has brought to his soul greater serenity, a calmer outlook and a yet keener sensitiveness to the appeal of nature. It was in one of these "heures claires," to borrow his own phrase, that towards the close of the century Verhaeren composed his *Visions de la Vie*, a work which shows the full fruition of his genius. In it he would seem to have attained, after much tumultuous endeavor, to a clearer understanding of life; in place of the mere anarchic violence of so much of his earlier work we have a realization of the world's immutable laws. The volume both begins and ends with an invocation to the sea, as though to open out a wide horizon for the series of odes on life which compose it. Long sojourns on the coasts of Belgium and Holland have stored his mind with a wealth of exquisite memories of "ces soirs d'or de Flandre et de Zélande," which give to his sea lyrics a loveliness that he seldom attains to in other themes. The opening poem "Au Bord du Quai" expresses with an irresistible appeal the call of the sea, "la mer tragique et incertaine" that draws the mariner from the home that he loves:

La mer! La mer!
Elle est le rêve et le frisson
Dont j'ai senti vivre mon front.
Elle est l'orgueil qui fit ma tête

Ferme et haute, dans la tempête.
Ma peau, mes mains et mes cheveux
Sentent la mer
Et sa couleur est dans mes yeux;
Et c'est le flux et le jasant
Qui sont le rythme de mon sang!

There is a fine poem on the primeval forest as a symbol of life, "violente, prodigieuse, inassouvie," in which man is urged to recognize the essential unity of life in himself and all creation. Many of the poems have a new quality of wistfulness; we find it in "La Clémence," in "La Douceur," an ode to those we have injured, and in "L'Eau," yet another poem to the sea, "la mer nue et pure" in which is sung the soothing influence of the sea's splendor on the human soul in its moments of *défaillance*:

Mon corps, il est si las;
Mes pauvres yeux, mes pauvres pas,
Mon morne corps, ils sont si las
De mes chutes et de mes longs efforts
Par les chemins dédaillés du sort!

Only in "L'Ivresse," a poem celebrating the sensations of becoming intoxicated, is a discordant note sounded. "La Jolie" seeks to inculcate—a rare thing in Verhaeren—a direct moral lesson, preaching the futility of striving after what men call joy, when, by the mere pressure of life:

Nous sommes tous des Christs qui
embrassons nos croix.

The poem might indeed have been written to-day, instead of fifteen years ago, so closely do some of the lines apply to Belgium in her present anguish.

La force la plus belle est la force qui
pieure
Et qui reste tenace et marche, d'un
pas droit,
Dans sa propre douleur, qu'elle con-
çoit
Sublime et nécessaire, à chaque appel
de l'heure.

Et si tout sombre et si tout casse
enfin,
Rester celui de la lutte obstinée,

Pauvre et vaincu, mais la tête
acharnée
Quand même—et claire encor de
l'effort vain.

In a later volume, *Les Forces Tue-multiples*—dedicated to Rodin—Verhaeren seeks to describe, in a series of vigorous pictures, the dynamic forces of life, among which characteristically enough he finds room for "ma race." One is struck by the small space that woman and sexual love fill in his appreciation of the world's forces. True, there is a fine invocation to love in the *Visages de la Vie*, and in certain "heures d'apaisement," moments rare with him of peace and contentment, he has sung the intimate joys of his married life with a beautiful tenderness that takes one by surprise in the "poet of paroxysm." Indeed, it is difficult to recognize the author of
Je suis l'halluciné de la forêt des
Nombres,

in lines as honeyed as:

Très doucement, plus doucement en-
core,
Berce ma tête entre tes bras.

Yet one understands that the serious purport of Verhaeren's muse lies elsewhere, that to him a woman's love is the relaxation, not the inspiration, of life. To interpret *Toute la Flandre*, to sing its past and its present, to illumine its ideals, to establish its great humanity: this has been the true mission of his career, and though in some of his more recent volumes his outlook would seem to have swept beyond the frontiers of Flanders and to aim at embracing all humanity, its ideals and its destiny, they do not add appreciably to the sum of his achievement. One gathers both from his verse and from some words he has written on

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the tendencies of contemporary poetry that his own development is in the direction of pantheism, an identification, in a measure, of man with God, and of all creation with the Creator. Some of his admirers have read into this the expectation that Verhaeren will develop a new philosophy, even a new religion for mankind, and in the fashion of the day they have linked on his glorification of force to the doctrines of Nietzsche. Undoubtedly his whole mentality stamps him as a Northerner, and, as we know, it is in Germany he has found his warmest admirers. Though by an accident of education he writes only in French, his genius has few points of contact with that of the Latin race. His very use of *vers libre*, which he has brought to so rare a perfection of rhythm, is opposed to the French poetic tradition, and has never commended him to French critical authorities. His permanent reputation will surely rest on his power of interpreting, with a marvelous intensity, the soul of his own race, for rendering articulate all that is most vital in the nation of whom he could write truly:

Oh, l'ai-je aimé éperdument
Ce peuple—aimé jusqu'en ses injustices,
Jusqu'en ses crimes, jusqu'en ses vices!

If it were conceivable that the Allies could leave Belgium to the tragic fate that has befallen her, her soul would continue to live through her literature as the essential soul of Poland still lives after a century and a half of partition and spoliation, and to Emile Verhaeren would fall the honor of standing in the forefront of her sons as the interpreter to the world of the undying Flemish spirit.

V. M. Crawford.

THE MARTYRDOM OF FATHER JEAN.

I.

It was near the old-world village of St. Amand, which sleeps peacefully amid its golden cornfields bordering the silver Scheldt, that we first had trouble with the engines of my car. After several stops, when some miles out of St. Amand, my chauffeur told me that it was impossible to go farther; so I sent him off to the nearest hamlet for assistance, and found myself alone, with an hour or more in which to amuse myself.

Walking along the broad highway, bordered with tall trees in that methodical manner so characteristic of the Belgian landscape, I came to a bend in the road where I descried, some hundred feet below me, a small village picturesquely slumbering in the noonday heat of a July sun. A few small houses, a narrow straggling road, broken by a quaint stone bridge, beneath which a clear stream flowed leisurely, together with a squat little church with a stumpy spire, were all that comprised a picture of rustic happiness, where life glided slowly by with nothing more remarkable than the dawn with its matin-song of the birds, and the eventide when they twitter farewell to the sun.

I sauntered along until I came to the black, iron-studded door of the church, and, finding it unlocked, walked in. By the dim light pouring in through the lofty, narrow, colored glass windows, I could perceive nothing but a high altar and a large brass crucifix, but ultimately, my eyes accustomed to the gloom after the glare of full day, I discerned the bent figure of a poor old woman with a face like an old Dutch masterpiece, who bowed herself in prayer before the candle-lit image of the Virgin.

On the four walls were crude fres-

coes, broken and marred with the damp, their colors long faded, but retaining still something of the radiance which the devotion of the early painters seems to have imparted to their work, and, as I stooped to follow the tracery of a beautiful stone font, I heard a soft voice behind me and turned to find the kindly old face of the village *curé*.

"M'sieur is interested in the church?" he asked, and, taking my silence for assent, went on to point out to me the features of the place. He was particularly proud of a painting beneath the predella, and, with a triumphant wave of the hand, assured me that it was a rare treasure which all the neighboring churches would fain possess. "My bishop," he said, "has suggested that it should be removed and placed in the cathedral for greater safety, but I implored him not to take away from me the only thing of worth in my poor little church."

I examined the painting with closer attention, and it certainly was a work of great feeling as well as artistic worth. In the centre was a portrait of Joan of Arc, her face sublime amid the roaring fire which vicious soldiers were piling round her. The placidity and angelic sweetness of the face were in marked contrast to the strength and turmoil of the rest of the painting, and turning to the old *curé*, who stood like a child beside me, not a little proud of his possession, I remarked on the idealism of the picture.

"Idealism, M'sieur?" he cried, with a note of questioning in his voice.

"Yes," I replied—"I doubt whether any one, even a saint, could look so angelic while undergoing such awful torture."

"Ah, yes," the old *curé* murmured,

his voice softening with sympathy as he gazed at the face of the Maid—"but perhaps M'sieur is not of the faith; she would hardly feel the pain—indeed, she would have entered into the blessedness of the Lord."

I smiled and looked at the face of the old priest, lit with the fervency of his belief; and, half amused at his simplicity of mind and half desirous to probe his thoughts, I expressed my doubt whether faith was sufficiently strong in these days for men to suffer agony rather than renounce their creed.

The old priest had no hesitation in maintaining that men held as firmly to the faith as of old. "Indeed, M'sieur, we have the martyrs among us to-day; in our villages and towns they still exist, but God in His merciful providence has spared them the test. These times of peace and settled government may weaken the moral fibre in humanity, but, M'sieur, there are those, as of old, who await the test, and they will emerge, should it please the Lord to call them, triumphant and worthy of the high examples of the great mother Church."

I smiled at his earnestness and devotion. "But," I added, as I turned to go, the time having passed quickly, "fortunately the conditions are no longer favorable for martyrdom"—and then, as if to emphasize his belief, the *curé*, in answer, placed his thin, white hand upon my arm, and drew me to a figure of the crucifix hanging in the outer porch of the church.

"M'sieur," he said solemnly, "I am not a man of the world—beyond this small village, where each stone is dear to my heart, I have seldom travelled, and yet, ignorant as I am of the great world beyond, I know without doubt, aye, by the faith within me, that so long as yon figure of the Saviour of the world has power over the hearts of men, so long will there

arise men and women who will surrender all in His service. M'sieur, the spirit of man is indomitable when sustained by righteousness!" and with these words we passed from the shadow into the golden sunlight of the afternoon.

The old *curé* warmly requested me to take a glass of wine with him, and though I would willingly have spent another hour in the company of so charming an old creature, I remembered the car on the hill and reluctantly bade good-bye to him, not without observing the picturesque figure he made as he stood at his gate, his body robed in a black cassock, with rich sunlight streaming upon his silvery hair; and thus I said farewell to old Father Jean of St. Lamille.

Ten minutes later I had regained the highroad, to find my chauffeur awaiting me with all in order, and soon after we were speeding along the white highway on our way to Antwerp.

II.

I was staying at a house on the South Coast when the news came of the horde that had swept over Belgium, laying waste the rich land, devastating the golden cornfields, and committing untold crimes, deemed impossible to a civilized community.

With sorrow I thought of the happy country through which I had passed only a month previously, and I found myself sadly wondering how much of the sweet, antique beauty of that land of cathedrals would be preserved from the desecrating hands of the Vandals who were sweeping over it, blood and fire in their midst, with ruin and famine behind.

One morning, as I sat reading my paper, the heading of a column attracted my attention, and the bold letters caused me to make an involuntary gasp of surprise; for there, set in strong, dispassionate phraseology of

journalism, I read a story that deeply moved me and time after time caused me to set down the paper while I swallowed the lump that gathered in my throat and brushed away the moisture that prevented my reading.

Poor Father Jean! I had chaffed him on the subject of martyrdom, and he had stoutly defended his case, little thinking, little knowing, that in a few weeks, amid the calamity and desolation of his own village, he would so nobly fulfil his prophecy.

It was a simple, touching story, this, set forth in the columns of a halfpenny paper, but had it been told from the annals of some medieval age, had it been written by an ancient historian on some old monastic parchment, it could not have been more beautiful, more heroic.

When the storm swept over St. Lamille, he had set forth each day to minister the last rites to his dying children. Day after day he had gone out into the fields of carnage, amid the raking fire of the murderous guns and bursting shrapnel; as if protected by the Master in whose name he labored, he had escaped unscathed, faithful in his task, and blessed by many a dying patriot as he comforted the tortured limbs and softened the last throes with his tender hands. With great effort he spent each day searching the fields for wounded men, and, placing them in an old cart that attended him, he drove them to a convent where he had made arrangements with the Mother Superior for their nursing. Thus day after day passed by, and so familiar was the figure of the old priest that the enemy became more and more concerned about the presence of this witness of their outrages.

The heedless and wicked crimes perpetrated by these modern Huns could not be hidden from the observant eye of the old man. Uneasily they saw him

carrying out his investigations, until, afraid of the things he saw and fearful of the evidence he might give in times of requittal, they began to wish the unwelcome intruder out of their way. One morning, as he journeyed with his cart full of wounded, the old priest was approached by a soldier, who requested his immediate attendance upon the commandant of the force holding the village. In obedience he went and was informed that he would no longer be permitted to go forth in succor of the wounded, but must confine his movements to the church and his own grounds.

Stubbornly he refused to comply with so outrageous a demand; he was a priest of the Holy Catholic Church, and it was his duty to go forth among the stricken members of his flock. In vain the commandant threatened: the old priest was obdurate, and finally he strode out of the room and went on with his mission unmolested.

But he was not left in peace for long. One evening, as the sunset burned behind a clump of trees, and a thick mist rolled up over the desolate fields, he was seized by a company of soldiers and hustled into an old farmyard, where groups of soldiers were drinking and playing cards. Brutalized by the war and partly intoxicated with liquors they had commandeered from the farmhouse, the haggard face and silvery hairs of the old priest failed to awaken any pity in their hearts.

His feet were bound together and also his hands, so tightly that, when he was reared up against the wall, it was impossible for him to stand, and, powerless to check the impact, he fell like a log upon the sharp blade of a disused plough. His face gashed and streaming with blood, they reared him up again, and out of the group of jeering, drunken soldiers a young officer stepped forward and began a fierce in-

terrogation of the dazed victim of their brutality.

"You are a common spy," he belated, in tones of coarse insolence, "and merit shooting. On two conditions will you be released. The first is that you will cease to go out into the fields on your foolish self-imposed mission, and the second is that you will renounce the obsolete faith which you profess. This is no longer Belgium, but Germany, and we will have no priesthood interfering with our plans."

As if oblivious of all that was passing on around him, the *curé* stood, no word upon his lips, but his eyes were those of a young man and burned with an indignation before which the gaze of the bullying officer fell.

Enraged by his silence, the soldiers began to prod the helpless figure with their bayonets, and finally they were checked by the officer, who again addressed his victim.

"Will you fulfil the two conditions of your release?" he asked, and again there was no response from the old priest. The officer was exasperated

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beyond words; a sharp order rang out in the hush of eventide, and six men lined up with loaded rifles at their shoulders.

"For the last time I ask, will you fulfil the conditions we impose?" and this time there was a response.

Firm and resonant, breaking the silence of the gathering night, came the word "Never!" and as it left the lips of the old priest, with his feet and hands bound, he made the last sign of the cross with his head. Suddenly a sharp crack resounded from the four walls of the farmyard, and the white head fell forwards upon the bullet-riddled body.

As I lay back in my chair, a strange numbness about my heart, there came back to me that beautiful July day and with it the figure of the dignified old priest. Sadly and bravely his farewell words rang in my ears, words strangely prophetic, but how nobly fulfilled!

"M'sieur, the spirit of man is indomitable when sustained by righteousness!"

I know now how true were the words of old Father Jean.

Cecil Roberts.

THE ROOTS OF ZIONISM.

An haphazard mention of Jerusalem the other day recalled to our recollection an aged Russian gentleman whom it was once our privilege to know in the Near East. He was nearing his hundredth birthday, but age had not dimmed his rather sardonic intelligence, though it had illuminated his memories of youth and early manhood with a contemporary glow and passion. His favorite topic was the Crimean War. The choice of this contentious theme was not deliberately tactless. He was the soul of old-world courtesy, and like most Russians he usually

forgot that we had any share in those distant battles. Like Tolstoy, in "Sevastopol," he was capable of discussing the whole siege at length, without once mentioning our secondary part in it. It was commonly the sight of a Greek priest strolling down the road in front of his garden which started these reminiscences, and he would fling out a torrent of taunts and jeers at the whole race of mankind, when he recalled that the Crimean War had its origin in a dispute over the holy places of Palestine. The Holy Sepulchre, it is true, did not figure

prominently in Palmerston's speeches, and the contest for it has well-nigh faded from our national traditions. But we suspect that it still glows as a chivalrous memory in the Russian consciousness, nor does the average Russian usually quote the Lucretian line about the mischiefs of religion, as our old gentleman did, when he recollects it. An Anglo-French fleet is once more in the Dardanelles, and every phase of the Eastern question is again in our thoughts. We are making and unmaking Caliphs, when we are not tracing the future of railways. But who has paused to consider that long romantic phase of the Eastern Question which endured from the first preaching of Peter the Hermit to the days of the Tsar Nicholas? We are not at all sure that the Russia of Mr. Stephen Graham might not even now recover its crusading concern in Jerusalem. But for us the Holy Land, if it ever becomes anything more than an item in some Power's Syrian sphere of influence, will live in quite another context. And this context, to our thinking, has a romantic interest at least as alluring as the other. If nationality is our principle in this war, and if the Ottoman Empire is doomed to dissolution, why should not the dream of Zionism be realized by the reconstitution in Palestine of a Jewish homeland?

The Gentile world has been at small pains to understand the real point of Zionism. It was intelligible enough to us all that Jews should turn with longing and passion to the thought of finding some free soil, to which they could direct the refugees from the humiliations and oppressions of the Ghetto and the Pale. If on that free soil they could erect some kind of national state, the ambition, we thought, was natural, though somewhat Utopian. But when the problem was stated in these crude terms, the an-

swer of common sense was only too obvious. The refugees from the shadows and terrors of the Eastern Ghetto do not return to Zion at all. Their New Jerusalem is on the banks of the Hudson, and they are satisfied to become citizens of a Republic which welcomes and absorbs them. Even if one could imagine in Palestine a material well-being which could compete with the allurements of the New World, what fraction of Russian Jewry could it accommodate? To the Zionist the very certainty that the population of the Eastern Ghettos would more and more abandon the land of bondage to settle in America was an additional reason for building up a national centre in Palestine. The life of the Ghetto might be degrading and perilous. There the Jew wore, from childhood to old age, the badge of hopeless servitude; his economic existence was straitened; the avenues to learning and progress were closed, and the terror of overt persecution was never absent for long. But in this hostile environment he remained a Jew. Precisely because he was repelled by an intolerant Christianity, he kept his own religious and national traditions. Here the ambition of an able man was still to devote his mind, perhaps in poverty, certainly in obscurity, to a life of study and contemplation. The traditional lore survived, and Hebrew was still the learned tongue. When the Ghetto-bred youth merged into the spacious life of the States, it was a secular and international atmosphere which welcomed and engulfed him. Mr. Zangwill has dramatized the process in his deeply interesting play, "The Melting Pot," but his sympathetic acceptance of the merging of the Jew in a new cosmopolitan society, a nation with no racial basis, is not the attitude of all patriotic Jews. To their thinking, the Jew who allows himself to be assimilated

ceases to be a Jew, and he becomes nothing else. They see the world's most ancient heritage in danger, and the prospect seems to them uncompensated loss. Certainly in a free and tolerant country, the Jew may become a valuable and influential citizen. But there is much in our traditions which he cannot acquire or appropriate. Naturalization will not give him the intangible spiritual stuff of habit and thought which has come to us from our religion and our history. The paradox of the process is, moreover, that the more complete the assimilation becomes, the less is the Jew able to contribute on his own account to the storehouse of our common civilization. He retains his quick wits, his adaptability, his energy, but he does not carry over to us the richer treasures of his ancestral heritage. We gain a citizen, a unit, a capable individual, but the racial tradition is lost.

Zionism is a large reaction against this whole process of assimilation, and the idea of a return of some fraction of the race to Palestine is only a means to an end. The end is that the Jew everywhere should retain his racial self-consciousness, and with it the self-respect which every man loses in some degree who strives to seem what he is not. It views with a mingled contempt and regret the Jew of whom his Christian friends will say, that "one would never guess that he was a Jew." It seeks to arrest the decay of that racial pride which alone can preserve the special intellectual and social significance of Judaism. The world would be much the poorer if it were to mean the withdrawal of the best minds in the younger generation of Jews from intellectual and social movements which ought to have no exclusive basis in racial or religious particularism. It does not mean this, or it will not mean it, when it has passed the stage of a rather combative protest. On the con-

trary, it will mean that the Jew who enters these movements will bring with him what is of more worth than his individual capacity, his share of tremendously educative racial experience. Nor do we think that this self-respecting Neo-Judaism is likely to foster anti-Semitism; on the contrary, that ugly tendency is always excited by its suspicions of the concealed Jew.

It is an integral part of the doctrine of this revived Judaism that the Jewish race, like every other nationality, must possess a homeland. Somewhere the tradition must acquire a mass-consciousness, somewhere this religion, which is, above all else, ethical and social, must stand embodied in a society which observes it. The function of the Ghetto in conserving it is ceasing to operate. The dispersion of the Jewish race is a fact which nothing can alter, but, as Mr. Leon Simon argues in a recent pamphlet on "Zionism," even a dispersed race can retain its identity if it has somewhere a home, as the Irish race, the world over, retains its individuality by its common attraction to Ireland. A restored Palestine would become a place of pilgrimage, but, above all, it would become a centre of education. A Jewish University at Jerusalem would do for Judaism what the Sorbonne and Bologna did for the Christian World in the Dark Ages, what the Azhar did for Islam. It would permit at once the consolidation and the diffusion of a national culture. In its early stages, when Turkey seemed on the point of dissolution, Zionism laid stress on the creation of a Jewish State in Palestine, under international guarantees. The Turkish revolution forced that aspect of the programme into the background. It is conceivable that the issue of the present war may revive it.

Certainly there is no motive which might carry any other nation to Pal-

estine which would not seem frivolous and trivial beside the passionate nostalgia which makes it to this day the centre of Jewish hopes. The Christian world has long ago repented its past of persecution, but it has performed no act of reparation. The old-world pilgrim went in person with his staff and cockleshell to Jerusalem to do penance for his own sins. The graceful and generous act in us would be to explate by a vicarious pilgrimage all the ac-

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cumulated wrongs done by our fathers between Lincoln and Kischineff. How better could we make amends than by smoothing the return of the exile to the home which the sentiment of twenty centuries has cherished with an unquenchable hope? In the dreams of the seers and the mystics is it not the Return of the Jews which crowns the end of wars and the discomfiture of Antichrist? It is a good prophecy to fulfil.

ARRAS AND DOUAI.

The towns of Arras and Douai, which have suffered so severely during the last few months at the hands of the Germans, rise from a melancholy but rich plain. Their history—like that of the whole of the lowlands—has been one of great commercial prosperity varied by periods of terrible suffering inflicted by the conquerors whom their wealth attracted. The greatest periods in the history of Arras were the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the city was famous for its cloth and woollen manufactures, and for the tapestries which have made its name a household word. In modern times, however, it has been far surpassed by Douai in commercial importance. When I was in Arras last Easter, an air of unhappiness seemed even then to pervade its uncompleted boulevards and ill-kept public buildings. Seen from the railway, Arras used to arouse great expectations. Its fine Beffroi, now non-existent, and the baroque mass of the Abbaye of St. Vaast overawed the mean streets which surrounded them, and in the distance gave a great impression of grandeur which a closer inspection of the town, it must be admitted, failed to bear out. Indeed, it was evident as soon as one left the station yard that

there was a blight over Arras. The new boulevard which has taken the place of the demolished fortifications was unfinished, and suggested a new suburb in which a number of speculative builders have become bankrupt. When one penetrated into the town and entered the fine Grande Place, with its characteristic Flemish houses, with arcades and ornamented gables, the feeling of depression was, if anything, increased. A few railway trucks stood forlornly in the midst of the cobbled expanse, and a sad air of neglect and squalor hung over what were once the homes of the wealthy Arrageois merchants of the seventeenth century. The Petite Place, which opens out of the Grande Place, had a more imposing air, owing to the presence of the restored and richly ornamented Hotel de Ville (now demolished), which occupied the whole of one side.

The centre of the "life" of the city—it probably has none now—was the tiny Place du Théâtre, some way to the left, through which runs the narrow, stone-paved Rue Ernestdale. Here one's feeling of depression became almost unbearable. The people who passed were dour and sour-looking, and quite unlike the volatile Latins of other parts of France; the lan-

guage their talk was guttural and harsh; they were not remarkable for politeness.

I remember that the first day of my visit was Good Friday. Some military manœuvres had been taking place in the neighborhood, and at luncheon time the *salle-à-manger* of the hotel was filled with hard-working, frugal French officers who impressed me with their seriousness and simplicity. They looked, even then, as though they "meant business," as if they, too, were preparing with unremitting energy for "the day." An old colonel who sat at the next table to me, I remember very vividly. He had the clear blue eyes of a child—full of intelligence and with possibilities of a steely hardness—and long white moustaches and a skin all wrinkled and puckered with exposure. His hands were beautifully kept, and his manner to his junior officers—who appeared to adore him—was a delight to watch. The number of his regiment was, I believe, the 63rd.

To me the soldiers were the one bright spot in Arras. The town itself made one shudder. Perhaps the Arrageois themselves have not yet recovered from the attentions of their fellow-citizens, Robespierre and Lebon, at the time of the Terror. I do not think it could have surprised anyone who knows Arras to hear of the terrible things which have happened there during the present war. Some towns always seem to be clouded over with impending doom. Arras was one of them.

The Cathedral of Arras and its great Abbey are—perhaps one should say "were"—huge, cold buildings, whose only claim to distinction is their size. The Abbey, which is the better of the two, was reconstructed in 1754. The Cathedral was begun in the following year, but not completed till 1833. Its huge, vault-like nave struck me as incredibly gloomy and repellant, while

The Academy.

its numerous tawdry ornaments, falling into decay, increased its appearance of neglect.

Arras has a *citadelle*, in which a few troops were wont to be stationed, and has often been described in the papers as a "fortified" town. Its fortifications were, however, dismantled some years ago, and it is quite unimportant in the military sense. It boasts one peculiar feature, which may very probably have come in useful for the civilian inhabitants during the recent bombardments. A large number of the houses, besides their ordinary cellars, possess vast underground halls and passages called *boves*, said to have been caused by ancient quarrying operations. Some of these *boves* have been left in their rough state; others have been fitted up and utilized in various ways. The most remarkable of these catacombs are under the Grande Place and the Place de la Préfecture.

Douai is larger than Arras, having about 35,000 inhabitants to Arras' 25,000, and is very much dirtier. It reminds one of some of the towns in the English Black Country, and its long line of forges and foundries rise out of the plain with a curious and bizarre effect. Behind its rampart of factories and ironworks, however, lie the monuments of the great university town in which so many English and Irish Catholic priests of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries received their education. The Hotel de Ville, with its Beffroi, are good examples of fifteenth century architecture, and were restored in 1857-60. Like Arras, Douai has withstood sieges and suffered more than its share of the horrors of war. When the history of the present struggle comes to be written, we may find that the miseries it has suffered during the past few months exceed anything that it has ever known.

Douglas Goldring.

FOOTMANRY.

"Francesca," I said, "the War——"

"Yes," she said, "I know. The War is going on. There's no need to tell me that. A good many people seem to have heard about it."

"I wasn't going to tell you that."

"Well, what were you going to tell me, then?"

"I don't know," I said. "You caught me up so sharply that you've knocked it all out of my mind."

"I wonder what it can have been," she said. "There's not much that's new to be said about the War. It's been perfectly hateful all the time."

"It has," I said, "but we've got to set our teeth and see it through."

"Yes," she said, "and we've all got to help wherever we can."

"Bravo!" I said. "Even men beyond the military age can be useful as volunteers, or subscribers to funds, or in a thousand other ways."

"And women," she said enthusiastically, "have at last found their true spheres. After this men will no longer be able to sneer."

"They never were," I said. "That is to say, they never were able to sneer properly. It takes a better man than most men are to do that."

"All the same," she said, "a good many men tried."

"It was a poor effort," I said.

"Yes," she said, "it was. It always began by declaring that women had no logic."

"Logic!" I said. "Pooh! What is logic? Who cares about it?"

"Logic," she said, "is the science and art of reasoning correctly. I looked it up in a dictionary."

"And here is a woman," I said, "who can find time in the midst of a million Committees to look up a disagreeable word in a dictionary. Francesca, why did you do that?"

"The newspapers keep on telling us," she said, "that we must try to understand our enemies. Logic never was a friend of mine, so——"

"So you looked him up," I said, "in order to smash him. Splendid!"

"If logic was any good," she said, "there wouldn't be a Kaiser. But there is a Kaiser, so logic's no good."

"Logically," I said, "that settles it. I'm not sure you haven't been guilty of a syllogism or something of that kind, but, anyhow, you've settled logic. What shall we put in its place?"

"Sympathy," she said, "charity, mutual help, relief funds, Red Cross Hospitals, St. John Ambulance—any amount of things."

"Yes," I said, "they're all excellent; but we want to invent something quite new, something that will take our thoughts off the War for a moment or two."

"That's difficult," she said.

"But not impossible. Why not try footmanry?"

"Footman *what?*" she said.

"Footmanry. It is the new science and art of footmen. Yeoman—yeomanry. Footman—footmanry."

"It's out of the beaten track, anyway," she said. "How do you work it?"

"Well, you begin by postulating a footman."

"It sounds cruel," she said, "but I think I can manage it."

"Then you inquire into him, and you find that the footman is the young of the butler."

"Yes," she said, "but the butler doesn't like his young. In fact he can't bear him. He says he can't get him out of bed in the morning."

"But if the butler doesn't like him, why doesn't he *leave* him in bed?"

That's one of the questions the new science will answer."

"As far as my experience goes," she said, "the reason is that if the footman didn't get up there'd be nobody to help in smashing glasses and other things. Glasses have to be smashed regularly, and so the footman must get up. It's one of the rules."

"Yes," I said, "and another rule is that after a year or so the footman wants to better himself, but according to the butler he gets worse all the time."

"And when he betters himself he vanishes."

"And when he's bettered himself about four times he turns into a butler himself and begins to dislike footmen."

"I see," she said, "that there are many fascinating mysteries about footmen."

"There are," I agreed. "Why, for instance, do they never take down a telephone message correctly?"

"Lots of people can't do that. Some of the best Dukes are said to be thoroughly inefficient at it, and you yourself——"

"Thank you," I said, "we needn't go further than a Duke or a footman."

"But it wasn't a Duke or a footman who took down Mrs. Hutchinson's message the other day. It was——"

"All right," I said, "all right. I know who it was. You needn't keep rubbing it in. Besides, Mrs. Hutchinson is deaf."

"Which, of course, explains why you couldn't hear her."

Punch.

"It does," I said. "Deaf ladies talking through a telephone have a shattering effect on a high-strung sensitive temperament like mine."

"I thought," she said, "you were one of the strong silent ones."

"So I was," I said, "but it was long ago. What's the use of being strong and silent when you've got a wife and three girls in the house?"

"If you take it like that," she said, "it's no good talking at all."

"We will not discuss telephone messages any more," I said with dignity.

"No," she said, "we won't. Let's finish off about footmen. Do you know that it's Thomas's birthday to-day?"

"I didn't know footmen worried about birthdays."

"Well," she said, "ours does. He's nineteen to-day, and he told me this morning he's going to enlist, and hopes I shall be able to suit myself."

"Well done, Thomas! But he'll have to get up earlier than ever when he's a soldier."

"He'll soon get used to that when he never goes to bed at all."

"Anyhow," I said, "he's bettered himself with a vengeance this time."

"Yes," she said, "and when the War's over he can come back and un-better himself back into our footman again."

"Certainly," I said, "and he shall have the run of the glass-cupboard. He shall break as much as ever he likes when he returns."

R. C. Lehmann.

THE MAN WHO IS SUNDAY.

William James did excellent service when, in the search for human nature in religion, he began to dig among the personal records, not only of the great mystics but of simple and illiterate

evangelists. He taught the psychologist and the social surveyor that in Billy Bray and the Salvationists there was material almost as richly suggestive as in Augustine and St. Teresa.

The professors and the modernists followed him with gusto; and not only they but the poets and dramatists as well. Professor James died too soon. He should at least have lived long enough to add a chapter on Billy Sunday to the *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

William A. Sunday is a product of the Middle West. The child of pioneer parents out in Iowa, he was born in a log cabin fifty-three years ago. The soldiers' orphanage (his father was killed, before the boy's birth, in the Civil War) gave him a poor enough start, but a genius for baseball brought him fame. At twenty he was the champion sprinter of the National League, and was attached to the Chicago team. At twenty-four he got religion, and a few years later refused an offer of £100 a month in order to enter upon religious work. As yet he was no missionary; for, oddly enough, he could not speak. But, beginning in a small way, with the help of an invaluable wife, he went on to develop the talent, the style, and the system which together have made him the most renowned of sensational revivalists and perhaps the most significant personal force in America to-day.

His tremendous campaigns—especially the recent enterprises in Pittsburg and Philadelphia—are something more than religious revivals; they are important social symptoms. There is no chance about them. They represent the business of religion organized to the last inch. The "Sunday party," a group of marvellously skilled experts, prepare the ground in advance. They map out the city into divisions and wards, for visiting and the formation of prayer groups. All the well-disposed people are mobilized. Every source of material and moral aid is tapped. The active assistance of the city authorities and the large employers is secured. A guarantee fund

sufficient to meet all possible claims is provided. The orthodox ministers of the district are recruited to a man. They must agree to close their churches on the day that the evangelist appears. A large voluntary choir is got together and trained. The newspapers are set going. It is essential, we are told, that everybody should be stimulated to talk about religion and about "Bill." Sunday's own architect supervises the building of the vast amphitheatre, which holds 15,000 people or more. Its acoustics must be exactly right, its seats in a single tier. Panic is guarded against with the utmost care. Any board in the walls will give way to a kick; every aisle and gangway ends in a door opening outwards. The floor, to avoid noise or other nuisance, is covered with a thick layer of tan-bark and sawdust. At night the tabernacle is flooded with electric light as dazzling as the American noon. Undeniably, a great spectacle.

All things being made ready, Billy Sunday goes to work. On six days of the week the tabernacle is filled, usually for two services. The crowd is an epitome of the average American city. Delegations from the great business concerns and from neighboring societies, often many hundreds strong, are there every day; and they bring gifts in kind which are ceremonially tendered and acknowledged before the sermon. Mr. Sunday accepts such gifts throughout the campaign, but he takes no money until the end. Then there is a brilliantly concerted rally, and all the offerings on the closing day are his. At Pittsburg they amounted to over £8,000; at Philadelphia last March to over £10,000. When critics object to this procedure, his friends quote high authority for the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, or ask why an opera singer should be paid thousands of dollars a night,

while a man who has "sweetened up an entire city, lessened the police expense, promoted the general happiness and redeemed hundreds of thousands of lives," is expected to go without reward. Billy Sunday's converts, it is said, number in all not less than a quarter of a million. They have been gathered in scores of towns and cities during the past two decades. Every one of his meetings ends in a scene of high emotional excitement, as, in response to a call from the platform, men and women "hit the sawdust trall" and press forward to grasp the preacher's hand in token of surrender.

So far (except for the perfected scientific management) one has been describing something not markedly different from other modern examples or revivalist campaigning. It is the man himself who is unique; and of him we now have a full-dress portrait, presented in Dr. Ellis's volume.¹ Billy Sunday could only have come of pioneer stock in a Western State, and neither his language nor his physical performances could be possible except to a baseball player. His attitudes and gestures, made familiar through the camera to everybody in America, have the abandon, and often the grace, belonging to a perfectly trained athlete. He marches up and down the platform, throws himself into the posture of the runner, drops on his knees or on all fours, tears off his coat and flings it from him as he bellows that he will fight the booze traffic "till Hell freezes over." He shouts his gospel in a lingo at which the English reader can do nothing but "stagger back," as he would say. Billy Sunday's principle is perfectly simple. He preaches for his own age, and his business is to "put his message over." To that end he draws upon the bewildering vocabulary of the baseball field and the un-

fashionable terrors of Hell fire. He promises the people that they shall hear plenty about Hell so long as he is about, and they delight in it.

I believe in Hell—not Hades. Hell—H-E-double-L, with fire and brimstone. It is not furnished with modern conveniences and they won't serve you any booze on a tray!

But little scraps cannot do justice to the style: much better to quote from Dr. Ellis's selection an Old Testament story as Billy Sunday tells it:

All of the sons of Jesse, except David, went off to war; they left David at home because he was only a kid. After a while David's ma got worried. She wondered what had become of his brothers, because they hadn't telephoned to her or sent word. So she said to David: "Dave, you go down there, and see whether they are all right." So David pikes off to where the war is, and the first morning he was there out comes this big Goliath, a big, strapping fellow about eleven feet tall, who commenced to shoot off his mouth as to what he was going to do.

"Who's that big stiff putting up that game of talk?" asked David of his brothers.

"Oh, he's the whole works; he's the head cheese of the Phillistines. He does that little stunt every day."

"Say," said David, "you guys make me sick. Why don't some of you go out and soak that guy? You let him get away with that stuff." He decided to go out and tell Goliath where to head in.

So Saul said: "You'd better take my armor and sword." David put them on, but he felt like a fellow with a hand-me-down suit about four times too big for him, so he took them off and went down to the brook and picked up a half-dozen stones. He put one of them in his sling, threw it, and soaked Goliath in the coco between the lamps, and he went down for the count. David drew his sword and chopped off his block, and the rest of the gang beat it.

¹ "The Billy Sunday Book." By Dr. W. T. Ellis. D.D. The Vir Publishing Company. 4s. 6d. net.

Between the sermons and the prayers there is no difference. "Now, Jesus, you know," he will begin. Or, "See here, God," and, plunging into a welter of baseball imagery, he will give the Deltys a fine slangy account of a successful meeting ("Oh, Jesus, it was a fine bunch!"), or in similar strain turn round on his critics:

There are some people, Lord, who say, "Yes, I have heard Billy at the tabernacle, and, oh! it is so disgusting; really it's awful the way he talks!"

"What is your line?" asked John Morley of a young applicant for a job on the old *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Oh, invective—general invective," replied the aspirant. That is unquestionably Billy Sunday's line; his supplies of invective are inexhaustible. He damns to one unlimited Hell not only the scoundrels and the "booze-fighters," but the cigarette smokers, the liberal theologians, the believers in evolution. It is of such as these last that he will declare:

There are some men so low down that it would take a miracle of God to raise them to the level of total depravity.

Sunday is a comedian of genius, but in the sayings that are quoted everywhere in America there is far less wit than pungent audacity or plain horse-sense. Thus:

The seventh commandment is not, "Thou shalt not commit affinity."

Whisky is all right in its place, but its place is Hell.

God likes a little humor, as is evidenced by the fact that he made the monkey, the parrot—and some of you people.

There are, I think, two things of particular interest to be noted in regard to Billy Sunday considered as a social influence and symptom. First, amid his flow of human sympathy and his challenge to decent living, there is a constant appeal to the material motive. The famous oration on Drink

("Booze; or Get on the Water-Wagon"), for example, contains a rollicking picture of all the drunkards in America "voting out the saloons" and lining up for the purchase of the necessaries—millions buying meat and flour and calico till the Beef Trust stockyards are exhausted, the farmers cleaned out, the stores and factories stripped, the cotton plantations denuded—a glorious prospect, you would say, and far more to the Evangelist's mind than the commoner visions of torment.

Then, secondly, there is the indisputable fact that Billy Sunday is a most powerful ally of the privileged interests—always excepting the booze. No wonder the bosses are with him, that they rejoice in his coming and subscribe to his funds. The street cars carrying multitudes to his tabernacle earn increased revenues for the transportation combine. The head of every big concern knows that Sunday's presence means an overwhelming emotional interest for his work-people—pre-occupation with the tabernacle and its services, general contentment and good temper, a period of oblivion for such vexatious subjects as higher wages and shorter hours. What could be better for Mr. John Wanamaker and Mr. Rockefeller than that a few thousands of their employees should hit the trail? At the beginning of this year, when the enthusiasm was running high in Philadelphia, a very admirable public servant, Professor Scott Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania, addressed a public letter to Mr. Sunday. Was it not claimed, he asked, that Christianity had a message for society? And if so, should not something be done to turn the emotional force, which some of its teachers had the power of generating, to the common service—for the improvement of the city, the removal of corruption, the lessening of the awful

mass of unemployment, the bettering of the abominable conditions amidst which thousands of the workers were condemned to drag out their lives? Billy Sunday answered, through his
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secretary, that he had a single aim, and must stick to it—the saving of the individual soul. It was an illuminating reply.

S. K. Ratcliffe.

SECRET COMMUNICATIONS.

Since war broke out we have become very familiar with the man to whom there has been entrusted secret information. They are few indeed who have not at one time or another had special knowledge, only to be imparted behind closed doors and under the strictest pledges. Most of the common gossip about the war begins as a mystery received in confidence from someone who knows someone in the War Office by someone who passes it on to his best friend with the same air of knowing more than the newspapers are allowed to print.

The epigrammatist has said that the best way to spread news is to tell it as a secret to one's friend. For a secret is humanly of value rather as a thing to be told than as a thing to be kept. Only the special training of diplomacy, statecraft, or expert commerce can eradicate the natural desire to publish one's intimacy with special sources of knowledge. As to duplicity itself, that is a fine art almost confined to those who practise it as a profession. The tyro, even if he can avoid hinting that he could tell if he would, gives himself away by his strained silence or suppressed excitement. Fénelon realized this when he set forth the importance of children being early taught the art of keeping a secret. Telemachus, whilst still a child, knew how to move among his mother's suitors, keeping her counsel and his own, without letting it be seen that he had a secret. Only people at the Foreign Office can do that to-day.

Secrecy, indeed, is one of the leading arts of government—one that the politician cannot begin to practise too soon. He should begin early, and neglect no chance of keeping his hand in. Persons who turn secret late in life and neglect the art cannot command the *viso sciolto* of Ulysses's son or of Mary of Scots, who at ten years old was the delight of the Guises—all of them experts—for her skill in keeping a secret, while charming all the world by the ravishing frankness of her manner. Few modern statesmen could equal Charles IX., another pupil of the same school, who awakened the admiration of the historian for the manner in which he kept the secret of the great plot. It was *cosa notevole*, says Davila, to see the old chief of the Huguenot faction brought to make his submission to the King; "but it was a much more notable thing that the King, so young in years, so irascible by nature, knew how to dissemble so perfectly that, calling him father and raising him with his own hand, he made everyone believe him to be sincerely reconciled to him." This unquestionably was the result of early training. A youth thus taught is more than a match for veterans in intrigue; but there is something repulsive to the modern mind in these youthful twists of the mediæval deceiver. Our instinct has turned against making children a party to secrets of any kind. They are a burden peculiarly unfitted for children.

These are special cases. With most

persons the art of keeping a secret is at a low enough stage. Indeed, the simplest secret is apt to become a burden intolerable to be borne. People will even blab their secrets when they are likely to injure their fame, even their life. Half the confessions of gross crime are made, not from remorse, but simply because the criminal cannot keep his secret; he wants a present gratification, and prefers to tell it and die. How much less likely is the small secret of the common tattler to be hidden! Here we are dealing with something quite different from the dissimulation of political schemers or conspirators or breakers of the law. Our relations to these small secrets are of two kinds. They may be our own or our friend's. Now, it is clearly a duty to keep our friend's secret, and it is wisdom to keep our own, but the majority of people find this a hard duty. Some, indeed, are quite unable to do it. Most people with a secret have only one object in life. It is to find for their secret a fit depository; they regard it as an egg to be laid in a safe place. These are the best. The worst must go on telling everybody. Their minds are thoroughfares through which they invite anyone to pass. All their stock is in the window, and our secret is only hung out with the rest. Nor is this the limit of their garrulity. To be fond of secrets leads, of course, to the making of them; it is to be fond, not only of hearing and telling, but of having them. Indeed, the impulse to tell and to conceal are in this case alike. People in this state of mind don't much care for any information that is not enveloped in mystery. Their notion of a pleasant conversation is of telling things that ought not to be told, or of which the tone implies that they ought not to be told; their notion of a compliment is to impart something with the entreaty not to let it go fur-

ther. Our first introduction to this form of confidence is at once flattering and embarrassing. Our honor and discretion are appealed to. No doubt gossip gains a great deal in excitement when thus imparted, but in time it becomes harassing to the hearer, who cannot for the life of him recall which was particular and which general information, and fears lest what was confided under the bond of secrecy should be let out unawares. Really this gain-giving is quite unnecessary. The person who tells his secret from no necessity, but only to amuse himself at the time, cannot thus throw the onus of keeping it on our shoulders. He has no right to expect from us more prudence than he has shown; while a further experience makes it apparent that our friend had only one notion of the *tête-à-tête*, as an opportunity for telling a secret. A vast number of secrets of this sort are current. Nor does it do to call it a secret no longer. It is a very fair secret, as the world goes, so long as it is not discussed by threes and fours, and so long as the person mainly concerned does not know that it is known. It has become an open secret—like the passage of the Russian soldiers through England last autumn.

Secrets themselves vary very much in their keeping power. There are secrets which there is no temptation to tell, from the absence in them of certain popular qualities; there are others so universally interesting or curious, or so congenial to both tellers and hearers, that they have no chance of being kept. Nobody could have kept the secret of Midas's ears. A slave has the blame of letting it out, but, if he had waited, the monarch's wisest and most ancient councillors would have whispered it, not to the reeds, but to each other, under the excuse that it was an affair of state; and, if these had got no hint of the wonder,

the owner of the ears would have told it himself. It is just one of those peculiarities that cannot be borne alone. Even if the perruqueler did his part to a miracle, the secret of a wig would never be kept. Wherever the commoner form of curiosity is stimulated it always gains its end. Thus no betrothal is ever a secret, even though—which is not often the case—the principal parties try to keep it one. The secret that is kept best is what people don't care to hear; and even here the possessor is apt to blab, from resentment at the neglect of his mystery. De Quincey says that, except where a secret is of a nature to affect some person's life, most men would not remember beyond two years the most solemn obligations to secrecy.

A secret is not always good for the moral health. There are things about a man which are worse for a mystery. A selfish secret is the worst of all. The mischief is indefinitely aggravated by absolute brooding silence. Misers and hoarders have their secrets, which they have no temptation to tell, and which separate them from humanity. Nothing can look what it is to one of these men guarding some hidden fraud; the mind becomes so fixed on the thought of preserving a secret which is life and death that it comes at last to be himself against the world—against every person and thing outside his own consciousness.

Paradoxically the most faithful keeper of a secret is one who does not think of it as a secret. He merely regards it as something which is better not told. He never allows it to be confided to him if he can kindly and fairly avoid it. He neither likes to hear nor to tell. People who like secrets betray them, to show their own consequence and to make themselves acceptable; for, as Dr. Johnson says, most men seem rather inclined to confess the want of virtue than of importance.

If a man has a weighty secret, which he really desires to go no further, it is superfluous to say that he does best to keep it to himself; but if he is not equal to the burden, or if, on other grounds, a confidant is needed, it is not well to fix upon some person naturally silent. Such a one is the most likely of all to blurt out your secret, from mere ignorance of the art of talking. The silent man usually has nothing he cares to say, and so says nothing; but this is no guarantee against his talking when he finds himself in the novel position of having something which he would like to say and which others would like to hear. People are not taciturn from discretion. A natural easy habit of talking is the best veil for a secret. A good talker knows how to divert suspicion and to give the conversation the direction he pleases. Persons naturally silent know the right thing to say in an emergency. Neither must a secret ever be told to a person who would look down upon it. Full half the breaches of confidence are perpetrated in mere disdain. Thus husbands and wives betray each other's secrets. The wife tells what the husband lets fall of business because she does not realize its importance. The husband betrays his wife and her friends to his familiars from manly contempt of women's petty mysteries. The only safe confidant—apart from high personal qualities—is one with some community of interest in the affair itself.

It is an old problem how far a wife is entitled to the secrets of her husband. There is the point of view urged by Montaigne that to tell a secret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, because a man and his friend are virtually one and the same. This is a transparent fallacy as Montaigne puts it, and we do not see how it is less a fallacy where it is a man and wife instead of friend and friend. The

consequences to the friend are the same. We think Sir Philip Sidney settled the point once for all when he

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wrote in his fine manner: "What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love, but the secret of my friend is not mine."

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

It seems to me as an old Liberal that hardly enough credit has been given to those members of the late Government who resigned their offices to make easier the formation of a new one. The foremost of them all is Lord Haldane; and the stupid and dishonoring clamor which has compelled his resignation of the Lord Chancellorship is one of those incidents which, when the war is over, will not be looked back upon with the smallest satisfaction. No one can compare either the Army or the War Office as they were last August with what they were in 1905 without being forced to acknowledge that in the interval an immense and beneficent revolution had been wrought. The credit of it was almost wholly Lord Haldane's. He created the Territorials, established an Officers' Training Corps, perfected the Expeditionary Force, reorganized the Reserves, made the General Staff a power in the Army and throughout the Empire, and restored the confidence both of the soldiers and of the public in the spirit and aims and methods of Whitehall. And he accomplished all this, often in the teeth of opposition from his own party, without fuss or self-advertising and with imperishable serenity and persuasiveness. He furnished the framework of a nation in arms; he gave us a considered scheme of military organization and policy to work upon; it was thanks in the main to him we were able to play any effective and immediate part at all in the land operations in Flanders at the opening of the war. And apart from these tangible services,

Lord Haldane possesses what is perhaps the most massive, patient, and erudite brain devoted to contemporary British politics. An insatiable worker and reader, endowed with the disentangling mind that is guided by first principles, clear and cautious in forming judgments and expressing them, and with a self-contenance and urbanity that nothing has been known to ruffle, Lord Haldane is precisely the type of statesman with whose assistance we in Great Britain can least afford to dispense. To have supplanted such a man in favor of Sir Stanley Buckmaster is a performance that even its actual accomplishment makes barely credible. But there is in it a striking proof that the Prime Minister and his new colleagues have a really robust faith in the capacity of the British Constitution to stand hard knocks. They could not have shown more clearly than when they raised Sir Stanley Buckmaster to the Woolsack that they have an unlimited confidence in the ability of our people to receive disagreeable news with a high courage. If they will now show equal daring in letting us know the truth about the war, however unpleasant or depressing, the nation will be well satisfied.

Besides Lord Haldane, many other Liberal Ministers of less mark have surrendered their offices. It was one of the conditions of the situation, but I do not think that the willingness with which it has been observed ought to pass unnoticed. There is the self-sacrifice of abnegation and the self-sacrifice of men who do not shrink

from assuming terrible responsibilities in a terrible crisis. Both forms of patriotism have been abundantly forthcoming from all parties in the State at the present juncture, except the Irish Nationalists. Intelligibly, but I am sure mistakenly, Mr. Redmond has held aloof. He played the statesman last August, but the effort seems to have exhausted him. When the Prime Minister's invitation came, he relapsed at once into the timid plausibilities of the politician. With that exception the new Ministry is a really national Cabinet and the most imposing collection of names that has ever been presented to the British public. Whether it will prove an efficient instrument of war depends very largely upon the Prime Minister. The old Government fell partly because Mr. Asquith failed to keep order and to make his authority felt in his own household. He has now to preside over a household that is not his own, but a composite assemblage of notabilities, nearly half of whom come from the ranks of former opponents. So much the greater is the need for leadership and sustained supervision on the part of the head of the Government to ensure coherence of speech and action. The occasion is a test for all of us. But for Mr. Asquith it is crucial.

The Government will win the confidence of the country only in so far as it brings fresh vigor and imagination and concerted efficiency to bear on the business of the war. That is its sole purpose and the sole excuse for its creation. Shells, and all that shells imply, in the way of organizing our industrial resources and adapting them to the needs of the war; men, and all that men imply, in the way of mobilizing and directing the entire stock of human power in the country; and a greater—I hope a much greater—candor and publicity in letting the

public know what is going on—it is by their failure or success in these three vital essentials that the Government will be judged. So far one step only has been taken in these directions. The powers hitherto wielded by the Secretary of State for War have been cut in half. Lord Kitchener is restricted to the sphere of purely military organization, in which by universal admission he is a past master. The industrial side of his duties, for which he has no special qualifications and which he has in fact shown himself unable to discharge, is removed from his province and handed over to Mr. Lloyd George. There could be no better choice. More than any Cabinet Minister since the war began Mr. Lloyd George has shown a just appreciation of its magnitude. He has never underrated the enemy or talked nonsense about a war that was to end in August. He has courage, fire, a happy manner, the gift of sympathy, and the rarer gift of welcoming and profiting by advice. He is the outstanding figure in our public life at this moment, the man who above all others typifies and can stimulate the spirit of the nation. In deciding to leave the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and to become Minister of Munitions he has made a sound choice. The sacrifice of personal inclinations must have been heavy; the gain to the nation and the Army is immense. Everyone feels confident that he will close a distressing page in our conduct of this war and will see to it that our men at the Front never again have to suffer through any lack of the right kind of shells.

In the other fighting Department of State, the Admiralty, there is no such happy transformation to be recorded. The new Sea Lord has his reputation to make in his high office. But Lord Fisher's services to the Navy have been so great and his hold on the con-

fidence and imagination of the people, which is unlike that of any other living sailor, is so strong as to make it impossible to think of his resignation, if it is indeed irrevocable, except as a grave national loss. If the main test be administrative efficiency—and it is, of course, only one of several tests—then a distribution of offices which ousts Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher and puts in their place Mr. Balfour and an unknown quantity is not likely to be received by the country with any feelings but amazement. The country however, it may very truly be said, has never really known Mr. Balfour. Whatever his capacities as a departmental chief may be, his fertility in council, the play of his swift and spacious mind, and above all a quality which he is not generally recognized as possessing—I mean a spirit of courage and tenacity that never quails—make him a priceless addition to the Cabinet at such a time as this. I should think, too, that from Mr. Bonar Law and Sir John Simon we may fairly hope for policies that will enable the Government to catch up with public opinion both in this country and in the Dominions.

That, indeed, is the vital problem ahead of the new Cabinet—how to utilize the vast stores of energy and self-sacrifice that the nation is bursting to place at their disposal. Setting

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up a Coalition Government is a big experiment and a bold one, and necessarily a hazardous one. But it must succeed if only for the reason that has enabled the Third Republic in France to endure—there is now no alternative. We can all however help to put its success beyond doubt. The members of the Cabinet by a resolute stifling of party antipathies that a year ago were real and deep must follow that example of unity already set them by the nation. Parties have become meaningless; there is now only the country to be thought of. Criticism there must be both in Parliament and the Press, but unless the Government by incompetence or timidity falls short of its opportunity, it need never be the criticism that savors of faction or personality. Let the Government go straight ahead with all the speed and energy it can muster; let it tell the people the plain truth and have done once and for all with the “emasculating food” of a windy optimism; let them realize that there is no call they can make upon the nation to which it will not gladly respond; and all will yet be well. We have spent ten days or so in the distraction of Cabinet-making; the new Government is now in being; it is high time we all got back to the war and the instant need of things.

Sydney Brooks.

THE DUTY OF THE ALLIES.

The momentous consequences of the sinking of the *Lusitania* have probably not yet been fully realized even in this country, still less in Germany. Reports from all quarters, from Australia to the United States, from Holland to China, show that the tragedy has made a far deeper impression upon the whole world than any other event

of the war. But whilst in the long run it is the opinion of the world that will count, it is with the effect upon the people of Great Britain that we are more immediately concerned. A great change has been wrought in British public opinion. Amongst certain sections of the population this change has been manifested in ways

which all those who believe that Englishmen are capable of setting an example to the world in these matters must profoundly regret. But such outbreaks of mob violence are at worst only a passing phase; they are to a certain extent symptoms of popular sentiment, but only of the most unstable and least important sort of popular sentiment. What is important is the effect which this last and greatest of Germany's criminal blunders has had upon that great body of sane and sober national opinion which, taking long views, is not easily moved by feelings of excitement or revenge, which, when it changes, changes slowly, and does not change back, and which in the long run always directs and controls the policy of this country.

On the face of it the *Lusitania* crime was no worse than the crimes which had preceded it, the outrages in Belgium, the bombardment of Scarborough, the sinking of the *Falaba*, the poisoning of wells, and the more recent use of poisonous gases. But in all these cases there were certain doubts of which it was possible to give the Germans the benefit, certain explanations which, though they might be extremely far-fetched and were in any case utterly inadequate to justify the German Government's complete disregard of international law, yet afforded a loophole for those who instinctively shrank from the necessity of regarding our enemies as outside the pale of civilized humanity. But the destruction of the *Lusitania* admitted of no such doubt or explanation. It was avowedly a long-premeditated plan, coldly matured, deliberately carried into effect. The news of the wholesale murder of non-combatants was anxiously awaited by the German authorities, and received with acclamation by the German public, or such part of it as is articulate. No

plea of military necessity has been put forward; the drowning of those who were on board the ship was not a mere incident, but apparently the actual object of the attack, and we are probably doing the German authorities no injustice in supposing that they would have been still better pleased if none had been saved. Any other supposition, indeed, is incompatible with the known facts.

We have seen it argued that all war is horrible, that it is impossible to "humanize" it, and that this incident is merely another example of the brutality which war inevitably calls forth. But such reasoning is not only bad ethics, since it ignores the existence of different degrees of brutality, but is contrary to the profoundest moral instincts of mankind. All killing may be wrong, but all killing is not murder. As far back as history goes men have always held that there is a fundamental difference between killing a man who is armed to kill you and killing a man—not to mention women and children—who has neither the intention of injuring you nor the means of defending himself. Indeed, it is the recognition of such differences that is the foundation of morality and civilization. The significance of the sinking of the *Lusitania* is that it conjures up a vivid picture not of the "horrors of war," but of the horrors of barbarism, of a world in which the morality which for centuries we have taken for granted has ceased to exist. We have been forced suddenly to realize the appalling fact that the Government of one of the greatest and most powerful States in the world has openly in the name of expediency thrown every consideration of ethics or humanity to the winds. For our own part we admit frankly that only a short time ago we thought and declared that such an outrage was inconceivable in the twentieth century, and

we have little doubt that the majority of people outside Germany (including perhaps our own Government) were of a similar opinion. But is there now anyone who will dare to set any limits whatever to what the Government of Germany may do or try to do as its position grows more and more desperate? Let the reader take the most abominable crime that he can conceive, such for example as the butchering in cold blood of the multitude of prisoners of war now held in Germany, or the destruction—if it were possible—of the populations of London or Paris by means of poisonous gases liberated from airships; and let him ask himself whether he is perfectly confident that no such crime will be attempted before Germany is finally crushed. It seems to us that there is only one possible answer to this question, and that answer is the true measure of what has happened recently and of the danger with which the world is faced. The effects of the German example, if it were triumphant, upon the moral standards not only of national but of individual conduct will not bear thinking about. The statement that this war is a struggle of Civilization *versus* Barbarism had about it perhaps when it was first made six or eight months ago a flavor of national prejudice and self-righteousness. It is now by consent of the world merely a truism.

From these considerations there follows a conclusion which many people, including ourselves, have been extremely reluctant to adopt, but which seems to be irresistible—namely, that at the end of the war "Germany" must cease to exist. By "Germany" we mean, of course, not the German people, but the political organism which has been known by that name for the last forty-four years. The German people cannot escape either responsibility or terrible punishment for ac-

tions which they have not only permitted to be done in their name but which they have applauded. But their offence is not unforgivable. It is true of Germany (as it would not be, for example, of Great Britain) that it is the State that has committed these crimes; and it is the State that must be destroyed. There are those who declare that a State can have no interests, no existence, and no meaning apart from the people of whom it is composed. The modern German Empire is a standing proof of the fallacy of this belief. In point of morals and humanity there is probably little or nothing to choose between the German people and most other Western peoples. But the German State stands in a class by itself. There is no truth, we believe, in the facile assumption so commonly made by those whose anxiety to be impartial is greater than their sense of proportion that what the German Government has done other Governments would have done in similar straits. Other Governments might, perhaps, on the ground of what they conceived to be a vital military necessity, have ignored the neutrality of Belgium, but there is no other Government in the world that would have given the order for the torpedoing of the unarmed *Lusitania*. The German State as we know it is not a people, but a tradition and a system, the most immoral tradition and the most efficient system that the world has ever known. The German people are powerless, for the State having complete control of the educational system of the Empire and of the most perfectly disciplined army in the world is literally irresistible. With these two weapons, one of which inculcated blind obedience and devotion to the State whilst the other enforced it, the Prussian governing class, with the Hohenzollern dynasty at its head, has created an autocracy so strong that it

is almost impossible to imagine its ever being destroyed from within. Before the war the existence of such a system, however much it was to be deplored, was properly regarded as the concern solely of the German people. But now it has become the concern of the whole of Europe, indeed, of the whole world, for it has revealed itself as a danger to the world. The German people are not a barbaric people, but the German State is essentially a barbaric State. Not only can we not grant such a State an "honorable" peace, we cannot grant it peace at all. When the time for making peace arrives we must find means of making it not with the German State but with the German people.

This, of course, implies interference, and extensive interference, with the internal affairs of the German Empire. Objectionable as such a course may be on many grounds, it is now plain that we cannot afford to leave Germany to reform herself. In saying this we are aware that we are going back on certain things that we have said in the past; we confess that recent events have modified our views in this respect. There seem to us to be only two possible ways of ensuring the future safety and peace of Europe as far as Germany is concerned. One way is to forbid within the Empire the manufacture of a single gun or warship or the training of a single battalion of infantry. Europe probably could not long enforce limitation of German armaments, but whilst it remained of the same mind it might enforce complete prohibition. The other way is to destroy the Prussian hegemony by forcibly transforming the German Empire from the effective autocracy that it is into a democracy (better still, perhaps, into two democracies). The Allies can refuse to make terms with anybody but a truly

representative assembly—which the existing Reichstag is not—and as part of the terms can impose a Constitution which will give Prussia and Prussian ideals no more influence than they are justly entitled to. This solution of the problem (which does not, of course, exclude the temporary adoption of the other solution as a concurrent safeguard) seems to us to be preferable on many grounds, but mainly on the ground of its probable permanence. In the long run, of course, the German nation must determine the political constitution under which it lives and is governed, but if responsible democratic government on the lines either of a republic or of a limited monarchy were established and maintained for a certain number of years, if necessary by international authority, it is scarcely possible to believe that the Hohenzollern dynasty and the Prussian junker class could ever recover their power.

We do not underrate the difficulty of the task of applying this remedy. Of all the complex problems which will have to be solved by the European Congress which arranges the settlement after the war this, indeed, may prove to be the most baffling. But we are convinced that it must now be faced, and that we and our Allies owe it to humanity to carry on the war until some such terms as we have indicated can be dictated in Berlin. The accredited spokesmen of France and Great Britain have already declared in common that the main object of the war is the destruction of Prussian militarism. We would suggest that the time has come when the two chief democracies of Europe might with advantage declare in definite terms for the destruction of the Prussian State and the reconstitution of the present German Empire upon the basis of responsible democratic government. Such terms would undoubtedly be severe—

for certain persons they would be resentment; and the war, whatever deeply humiliating—but they could not it may cost, would not have been be a source of permanent rancor and fought in vain.

The New Statesman.

LIBERTY: THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

We rocked ourselves in balmy sleep,
Knowing Britannia ruled the waves,
And while her watch-dogs held the deep
Never, oh no, should we be slaves;
Others in less enlightened lands
Had Lords to drill and drive and bleed 'em,
But we, thank God, could fold our hands
All in the blessed name of Freedom.

By that most comfortable word
We claimed, as only Britons may,
The right to work, if we preferred,
The right, if so we chose, to play;
Under that flag we danced and dined,
Lifted the lusty patriot chorus,
And paid a few (that way inclined)
To go and do our fighting for us.

So, when the sudden war-bolt fell,
We still kept up our games and strikes,
True to the law we loved so well—
Let everyone do what he likes;
This was a free land, none should tramp
In conscript lines, dragooned and herded,
Though some might take a call to camp
If the request was nicely worded.

And now we learn—at what a price,
And in an hour how dark and late—
That never save by sacrifice
Men come to Liberty's estate;
No birthright helps us here at need;
Each must be taught by stern probation
That they alone are free indeed
Who bind themselves to serve the nation.

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The purpose of Professor Laura H. Wild's "Geographic Influences in Old Testament Literature" (Ginn & Co.), as she defines it in her Preface, is not to teach the geography, history or nature study of Palestine in detail, but rather to give illustrations of how Old Testament literature is interpreted through the geography, history, botany and zoology of the land in which it

was written. Voluminous and varied as is the literature which centres about the Bible and the Holy Land, this volume is a fresh and fascinating addition to it. It is written with an enthusiasm which easily communicates itself to the reader and with a simplicity which commends it to laymen. It is so constructed that it may be used profitably by classes engaged in Bible study, but it does not take on the character of a text-book to an extent discouraging to the general reader. Part One describes graphically and with just enough detail the geographic influences and environment. Part Two interprets nineteen Old Testament masterpieces relating to the coast, the hills, the roads, the plain and fields, the caves, Mount Carmel and Mount Hermon, etc., in the light of these influences, and gives them thus a new and illuminating setting.

Mr. Rupert Hughes peoples the 606 pages of his "Empty Pockets" with many Manhattanese types, from such as one might expect from the title of his book to those who do not count their wealth. The heroine belongs to the latter class, and so does the worst of the villains, and the greater part of their story is told in inverted order, although the author is clever enough repeatedly to delude the reader into hurrying breathlessly through passages which he might safely negotiate with perfect calmness. Mr. Hughes is capable of imagining a heroine with a sense of humor, who plays her jokes at the expense of her devoted parents, her lovers, and her husband, and he is also capable of the sharpest satire levelled at the pretentious and insincere. He flatters nobody, yet he writes without rancor even when dealing with the vicious and criminal; he is merciful even to the police, and, without any exaggeration of actualities, he makes Manhattan seem as

wonderful as Paris and as mysterious as Bagdad. The most placid of voyages, or a sojourn in the dullest of country hotels might be beguiled by his panorama of New York life. Harper & Brothers.

The author of "A Cloistered Romance," Florence Olmstead, uses a house belonging to the Little Sisters of the Poor as the scene of her story, and makes the trials peculiar to their order the foil for the pretty love story of a man and woman to whom poverty is hardly more than a fairy tale. The pitiable creatures for whom the Little Sisters beg food and clothing, eating what remains of their three poor meals a day, and preserving their conventual habit by all manner of unromantic protective devices, and the Little Sisters themselves are the assistants of Eros. Mark Tapley was a solemn misanthrope compared to these ladies, who make a joke of their deprivations, and almost persuade their charges to be equally stoical. Now the ingratitude of the beneficiary of any secular charity is infinitesimal compared to the frigid severity with which the wards of any religious order ordinarily accept the services of any man or woman wearing a religious habit, but the varieties of ingratitude are infinite and Miss Olmstead presents a thoroughly amusing group, and adds a mule and a cat to the picture to make it irresistible. Mary Giffen is a perfect example of the petty meanness which the Irish character sometimes develops and Mr. Samuel is an excellent example of the indefatigably lazy Yankee. Hafiz the virtuous cat and Goliath the mischievous mule assist in perfecting the romance, but it is a Sister who completes it, and a Sister who is its one victim. Her character indicated by a few delicate touches is a most artistic piece of work. Charles Scribner's Sons.